

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1842.

Original.

## DECEMBER.

FAST fleeting year,  
How, from thy reign, the deep, rich glories fade!  
Even as we gaze, how leaf by leaf grows sere,  
And stain by stain on thy green robes is laid;  
From all thy hues something of light is pass'd—  
Some shade of dimness o'er their brightness cast.

Thy smile looks worn—  
Life's subtle spirit is no longer thine;  
Though earth's still fair, we meet, where'er we turn,  
Some mournful witness of thy swift decline—  
In vale and glen, and on the mountain steep,  
And mid the depths where forest shadows sleep.

The painted things,  
Born but to sport where summer sunlight falls—  
Where are they now, with their bright, glittering wings?  
O'er faded grass, the dull, brown reptile crawls,  
Or from low branches, hid by changing leaves,  
His silken shroud in aimless instinct weaves.

The vacant nest,  
Love's home, embosomed in the wild-wood bower,  
No more the spot where fond affections rest,  
But speaks what was in love's soft spring-time hour;  
Amid the leaves that parent voices stirred,  
The wind's wild murmur now alone is heard.

And a low moan  
From the deep wood, with thrilling sorrow fraught,  
Tells that the shaft has been too truly flown,  
The wedded bosom of the dove that sought;  
And blood is dropping from the pheasant's wing,  
Now slowly rising where quick death shots ring.

Yet few the hours  
Since spring, glad spring, in breathing freshness drest,  
Like a young mother smiling o'er her flowers,  
The pure, bright buds unfolding on her breast,  
Was in thy train, treading the awaken'd earth,  
That heaved beneath her feet with one wide birth.

And all fair things  
Seemed with a sense of quickened being thrilled,  
And nature woke her thousand choral strings;  
But all are changed, though all are not yet stilled.  
With all glad sounds now blends an undertone—  
A cadence, murmur of bright visions gone.

And summer's train—  
Why, yet the glorious pageant hath not passed;  
'Mid all our vales some gorgeous hues remain—  
Some floating odors from her censured vast;  
But with the breath of lingering flowers, intense  
Decay's dark vapors mingle on the sense.

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The skies, still fair,  
Wear yet no shadow to the lifted eye;  
But day's long splendors have a yellow glare,  
And shadows, all unseen on earth or sky,  
Seem darkly flung upon the conscious heart—  
A sad foreboding that the bright must part.

And all *shall* part:  
They fade out one by one—they haste away;  
The tides grow still in nature's curdling heart,  
And thou, pale dying year, may'st not delay:  
The dim and dusty scroll of things that were  
Shall soon all record of thy being bear.

And such is life—  
A spring and summer of the north's harsh clime,  
The autumn, gathering while fond hopes are rife,  
And winter ending our brief date of time—  
Its chilling darkness closing in apace  
O'er the fierce strugglers in life's eager race.

Departing year!  
Thou bear'st stern teachings in thy softest sigh—  
In all thy tones a prophet's voice we hear:  
Makes the immortal spirit no reply?  
What is man's voice, in its rebuking power,  
To thy deep moan in this thy dying hour!

## SUN-SET.

THE sun had just scattered a golden dew  
O'er the western hills of heaven,  
And swam thro' the sapphirine stream of blue,  
To open the gates of even.

The clouds that his rosy breath last came o'er  
With crimson dye are glowing,  
And others the mirrors of fancy pour  
In numerous forms—bestowing  
On some the appearance of golden trees,  
With blossoms of ruby swelling,  
Or pendulous pearls—which the playful breeze  
Transforms to a fairy dwelling.

On pyramids tall, edg'd with amber fringe,  
Or chrysolite valleys gleaming,  
And mountains incrustured with purple tinge,  
In gorgeous splendor beaming.

Allusive of yon bright heaven so fair,  
Where saints, golden harps enwreathing,  
Fling over the chords, fresh flowers which there  
Bloom ever—sweet odors breathing.

Where pleasure supernal unboundedly glows,  
Where sorrow and sighing can never  
Intrude, for its joys like the river which flows  
Through its valleys, will flow on for ever!

Original.

## THE CONFLICTS OF MIND.\*

A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE  
ACADEMICAL YEAR OF NORWALK SEMINARY.BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON,  
*Principal of the Seminary.*

5. DIFFICULTIES are more easily overcome than is generally imagined. The simple resolution to surmount an obstacle reduces it one half. It concentrates the powers of the soul. There is much exertion in a retreating army; but it is of little avail, for it makes no impression upon the foe. It is spent in taking care of the baggage and the wounded, gathering up the slain, destroying property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, preparing the way for escape, and protecting the rear from attack. Let that army, however, resolve to stand its ground; and though there may be no more energy expended than there was in retreating, how different is the result! Its powers are collected—every hand is placed upon a gun—every bayonet is directed against the foe, and every moment works important issues. So a defeated, staggering soul may make effort to escape from the disgrace of defeat—effort to rise from beneath the pressure of its own humbling reproaches—effort at planning some new enterprise, but it is effort wasted.

Resolution brings every power to the same point, and moves the whole soul forward, like the Grecian phalanx, each part supported and supporting, and every step making an opening before it. It dissipates imaginary terrors. Imagination is a very busy but very humble servant of the soul. She obsequiously consults predominant inclination, and paints to suit its taste. She is never more active than when fear (which is generally a usurper in a state of irresolution) sways the scepter over the inner man. Hence difficulties are always magnified when viewed in the distance. The inner as well as the outer optics are subject to illusions. When, upon some unknown coast, we view, through the morning fog, the distant cottage, we deem it a castle. Thus the sluggard, standing at his door, sees a lion in his way. Though the enemy be a hundred miles off, the coward sees him on the next hill top. He only who says, "I can and I will," sees difficulties in their true dimensions. How the terrors of the wilderness retreat, before the advancing steps of the fearless emigrant! O, how I like those words, "I can and I will!" They are words of magic—they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation—they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes—they level the mountains, fill the vallies, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon your banners, and, like the vision of Minerva which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies.

Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your chil-

dren, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then, though you put them unarmed, unfriended, and unshod, into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean—they will exact a rich revenue from its billows: exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

Resolution inspires self-confidence. Before the declaration of independence, the Continental Congress acted with fear and trembling; but so soon as that instrument was adopted, a noble self-confidence inspired that gallant band of patriots. They found that they had emerged from that dependance in which they had been reared; and this perception spread a might and majesty over all their thoughts and actions.

The resolution to pursue the path of duty, regardless of enemies or obstacles, begets the conviction that we can place reliance on our own souls. Under this conviction, whatever is done, is done firmly. Next to a sense of the Divine presence there is nothing so invigorating to the spirit as the consciousness of independence. In some respects it is not proper that we should be independent. It is wisely ordained that our persons, our tongues, our property, should be, to some extent, under the control of human law; but there is one little territory over which God designs that man should sway an exclusive scepter—that territory is his own soul. On this no tyrant dare rattle his chains—into this no monarch can push his bayonets. It is a holy inheritance—it is celestial soil—it is guarded by the cherubic sword.

*Unhappy wretch* that does not rule in the counsels of his own mind! He opens the gates of his paradise. He becomes a vassal where he should be a king—instead of heading an army he can scarce control a finger. Pitiably being he who asks his fellow mortals to legislate for him. What do they know of the soul? Were they by, in the laboratory of heaven, when God struck it off? or can they measure its apprehensions or its anguish? Can they see it cling to the cross, or attach itself to the throne, or cast anchor within the vail? Can they lift the curtain that hides eternity, and travel up with it to see what will be its wants in unwasting ages? Poor ruined soul art thou that embarkest upon the shipwrecked reason of the world—*perplexed* soul who must obtain consent of his fellow worms before he acts. To whom shall he go? This world is a great Babel, where chaos umpire sits,

"And by deciding, worse embroils the fray."

Such a man resembles a boatman on a mighty river, where it divides into a thousand branches. A points to one and B to another of the diverging streams, and obey whom he pleases, the overwhelming majority is against him. Perplexed by the confused cries, every stroke of his paddle is feeble. He is a degraded mortal, whomsoever he be, that stoops to ask man, or winds, or waves, or mountains, or storms, or lightning, whether

\* Concluded from p. 325.



he may do his duty, and weak as he is degraded. Would you be unembarrassed? Have but one will, viz., the will of God. Inquire what is duty, then do it; and though storms may rage around you, all will be calm within. From the counsels of your own soul you will come forth, as Gabriel, from the light, doing nothing rashly, nothing doubtfully, nothing feebly, and before you difficulties will sink.

Under manly resistance difficulties progressively diminish. If, when we set out in life, we fail, we shall be likely to do so throughout our career; but if we conquer in the first onset, we shall probably vanquish in the next, and after a few triumphs our march will be as that of the conqueror.

The forty-fourth British regiment, having lost their colors by a dastardly delay in bringing up the fascines at the battle of New Orleans, and being sent to India to regain them, instead of accomplishing their object, were annihilated by the Affghans. The hero who led the American lines to that memorable field, commenced his career by a fortunate battle, and terminated, in a blaze of glory, a series of brilliant victories. Summon all your energies to the first conflict. As, under reiterated failures, the bold heart sinks, under repeated triumphs the timid one rises. Success gives strength to the hand, and energy to the head, and courage to the heart, and produces the habit of perseverance to successful issue. Its subject goes to the battle as did the Greek, who, being reminded that he was lame, replied, "I propose to fight, not to run." When Buonaparte heard that his old guards had surrendered, he said it was impossible, because they did not know how.

Manly resistance subdues the opposition of the world. This world is a wicked one. It loves to crush the oppressed. I know not *how* it is, but I do know that *so* it is. When a man gives signs of failing, his friends forsake him, and his enemies come up; and even they who before were indifferent to his affairs, take an interest in his downfall. Woe to the man who cannot conceal his inadequacy to meet his exigencies. Clearchus in that memorable retreat of the ten thousand from Persia, though in an enemy's land, and surrounded with millions of armed foes, delivered to the king's messengers, inviting him to sue for peace, that truly Spartan reply, "Go tell the king that it is rather necessary to fight, as we have nothing on which to dine." While such was his bearing, he marched unhurt through dangerous passes, and over unfordable rivers, and was abundantly supplied with Persian dainties; but when he went to parley with Tissaphernes, he and the brave men around him fell.

Whether unfortunate or prosperous, you may expect to be opposed. Had you the wisdom of Ulysses, the patriotism of Washington, the purity of an angel of light, you would be opposed. God incarnate, on an errand of redeeming mercy, fought his way to the cross, which he stained with his atoning blood. You may expect opposition as long as selfishness and envy rankle in the human heart. Sometimes your motives will be misunderstood, sometimes maliciously misconstrued.

You will have opposition from honest motives, and opposition from hostile feelings. It will, perchance, come from the hand that has gathered your bounty, and issue from that heart that should love and bless you. No matter, stand firm. If you weep over the ingratitude of those who have basely injured you, let no one see your tears. If you receive into your bosom the poisoned dagger of a false friend, let no murmur escape your lips. Be sure, this course will be best. Preserve a steady footstep, and march towards your object, and your foes will slink away ashamed. Under such a course as named, the very feeling which leads to opposition will suggest its withdrawal. When a designing enemy sees that a man is not arrested by difficulty—that obstacles only develop superior energies, he will take care not to put any in his way. The very men that oppose you with bitterness, when they see you marching onward with accelerated footstep, will soon not only surcease their opposition, but come around you with obsequious smile, and bow and beg to do you homage.

Secure the assistance of friends. It is an old adage that fortune helps those who help themselves. Certain it is that friends are most inclined to help us when they see we least care about their assistance. They wish to be assured that their means will be well invested before they part with them. The individual of sagacity will be glad of an opportunity of aiding a vigorous, manly youth, because he will be sure of an ample interest for his capital. But he who has an estate to bequeath, will not be quick to believe that it is his duty to leave it to a slothful relative. He will seek to intrust it to some hand which will make it tell upon the interest of the world. The multitude delight to crowd around the man who can use them to good advantage. It is said of an ancient general, that, in consequence of his severity, in time of peace all who could forsook him; but when danger arose, they rushed back again to his standard. His fearless step in the hour of trial, congregated the multitudes around him. The steady determination to encounter difficulty without alarm, is, in moments of danger, like the trumpet of Gideon on the mountains of Palestine, which instantly gathered Abiezer around him.

Difficulty is associated with happiness. The curse which doomed man to toil is among the greatest of human blessings. In itself it is a curse; relatively, to fallen man, it is a perpetual, universal, unmingled mercy. Though the seraph, soaring on his wings of fire, and triumphing in immortal powers, *regards* it as a curse—though man in paradise *felt* it to be such, yet to man depraved, it is a kind angel which saves him from himself, his greatest foe. Were it repealed, earth would be a thousand fold cursed. Matter and mind would rot—the field would be a wilderness—man would be armed against himself, and against his fellow—passion would obliterate reason—iniquity would spring out of all the earth—unmitigated wrath would look down from heaven—hell itself would be anticipated. Wisely has God locked up every blessing, and thrown a cur-

tain over every truth, that in turning the key, and lifting the vail, man's physical and moral powers might be diverted from *their* desolating, downward tendency.

But exercise not only preserves us, in some degree, from wickedness and woe, it brings us positive pleasure. The exercise of any of the faculties, within prescribed limits, affords enjoyment. As we survey, with the microscope, the fantastic motions of the animalcula that float in the dew drop, we exclaim, how happy! As we take our evening walk in the meadow, and survey the sportive lambs, we cry out, instinctively, what pleasure these little creatures enjoy! We never contrast the slow pace of the dam with the buoyant footsteps of the colt, without drawing an inference in favor of the happiness of the latter. And why? We form our estimate of the happiness of inferior animals by their motions. But where did we obtain this measure? From our superior natures. The activity of our faculties is the measure of enjoyment, all other things being equal. We may add that joy is the richer and the purer, the more elevated the faculty called into exercise. Does not the peasant enjoy more than the brute—the philosopher than the peasant—the Christian than the philosopher?

Go to your congress of nations. See those two champion statesmen meet in fierce and final struggle. A nation's arguments, a nation's feelings, a nation's interests crowd upon each aching head, and press each throbbing heart. The world's wit and wisdom crowd the halls, and beauty in the glittering gallery watches the approaching conflict. The multitudes besiege the doors, and aisles, and windows, anxious to witness the scene, and herald the issue. The champions rise upon the tempest of human passions—they raise storm after storm, and throw thunderbolt on thunderbolt at each other—they soar, wing to wing, into the loftiest regions—they grapple with each other, soul to soul. Then is the purest, deepest, sweetest rapture, save that which comes from heaven. It were cheap to buy one draught with the crown of empire.

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary. The greater the foe the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio, because he prostrated Hannibal. America honors Washington because he drove the giant forces of Britain. England awards to Wellington her highest praise because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe. Mark the aged Christian pilgrim as he rises from some fearful conflict in holy triumph. Hark! Methinks I hear him say, "O glorious Gospel of the blessed God! Because thou dost task all my powers—because thou dost lead me to the arena—because thou dost bring me to the mightiest foes—to principalities and powers, leagued for our destruction—to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits, panting for our everlasting death—to the world and the flesh—to earth and to hell, thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds—to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I

glory in thee." Go ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life, an honored memory, a blessed immortality, shrink not from conflict.

We measure a man's intellect by his achievement. We estimate his achievements by their difficulties. Think you that honor can come without difficulty? Try it. Go build baby-houses, join mice to a little wagon, play at even and odd, and ride on a long pole, and see what laurels the world will award you.

We will give you the crown of empire. Now go, like Sardanapalus, wrapping yourself in petticoats, dress wool among a flock of women, and see if honor would not stamp his angry foot, and shake his hoary locks, and spurn you from his presence.

Difficulties give courage. Look at the raw recruit. How timid, how fearful of the foe, how willing to avoid an engagement! See him on the eve of strife—his imagination pictures the smoke and din of battle from afar—the plain crimsoned with blood—the piercing cries and gaping wounds of the dying and the dead. He longs for the home of his childhood, the embrace of his mother, the quiet of peace. But mark the hardy veteran by his side, who carries in his body the bullets of the foe, and bears upon his face the marks of their sabres. He stands firm—he thinks only of the image of his country, the punishment of the invader, and the laurels of the conqueror, and lies down to rest, longing for the reveille that shall wake him to the strife. Behold yon timid, delicate female. She trembles at the spider—she shudders at the unexpected rap—she faints at the firing of the pistol. War breaks out—her husband draws his sword, and leads his platoon to the cannon's mouth. The savages surround her dwelling—the sound of the war-whoop wakes the slumbers of midnight, and the blood of her first-born flows over her threshold. That female is the timid virgin *no longer*. Guarding the cradle of her weeping babes, she learns to fire the rifle, and plunge into warrior hearts the sharpened dagger. The heart of a Hannibal throbs in her bosom.

Finally. God knew the difficulties of duty from the beginning. Did difficulty justify a surceasing from duty, God would have qualified his commands. When, amid thunders and lightning, he delivered on the mount that trembled, the command, thou shalt have none other gods before me, did he not see that lion's den, and hear that sad decree? Did he not cast his eyes to the plains of Durah? Did he not see that golden image rising three-score cubits? Did he not see that gathering host of captains, judges, treasurers, counselors, sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, meeting for the dedication of the image? Did he not see those three Hebrews, and that furious monarch, and that furnace heated with seven-fold flame to the temperature of a tyrant's wrath? And yet he did not qualify the high command.

When Jesus, rising from the tomb, paused on his ascent to heaven, and gave his great commission, "Go



ye," &c., did he not know that Peter would die, that Paul would be beheaded, that emperor after emperor would kindle his fires, and lead out his Christian victims to the flames, or feed them to the beasts? Did he not well know that rivers of blood would flow over his sanctuary, and that every age to the millenium would witness its persecutions? Who says that difficulty should arrest us in the work of evangelizing the world? and yet there may be duties as clear as that.

I would not encourage rash enterprises—I would not set will in the place of conscience, or desire in the room of reason. I would take into consideration opposing tendencies and probable results in forming my views of duty. But there may be duties as clearly marked out by the divine providence as by the divine word. Reason, guided by the light of revelation, may satisfy us of duty as clearly as if God were to speak audibly from heaven.

I have pointed out the path to success. I cannot leave you without directing attention to the motives which should influence you in determining your pursuit. I cannot imagine that any of you think so meanly of your souls as to enter upon life with the question, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? This would be to regard yourselves as mere brutes. Some may ask, what will be most congenial to my taste, or is most favorable to improvement, or renown, or power, or wealth? I know not how to express my profound contempt for worldly honor or riches. The world cannot often estimate true worth. Homer receives honor; but it comes too late even for the sepulchre. Milton deserved a temple, but scarce received a tomb. But honor, what is it? A name upon the scroll, and which Time with one dash of his sponge shall soon wipe out. Crucify soul and body for the world, and she may mock you in your expiring agonies; and will you offer incense at her shrine, and seek her favor? Let her honors be sought when her heart is purified. Who would seek the applause of hell? Why then seek the honors of a world kindred to it? You are dying, immortal men. What will a world's applause be to you in your last agonies? in the resurrection morning? in the eternal world? There are unfading laurels—there are eternal histories, but not on earth. In what terms shall I express the fathomless degradation of that man who merely heaps up the glittering dust of the mine—who prostitutes energies that might bless a world to the accumulation of dollars and cents? He sinks to the level of the ants a soul that might take rank among the angels. I am soon to die. I tell you—remember what I say—that there is no service which is not infinitely beneath your immortal powers but the service of the living God. There is no honor worthy to be sought but that which comes from heaven. There is no object sufficiently great to develop the energies that slumber in your bosom, except that for which the Almighty designed you.

I want to see you men—I pant to see you mighty men. Fain would I have you move through earth with a tempest's force; but better harden into marble

upon those seats, than move with any other object than the good of man—the glory of God.

Pleasure and glory pursue those who least seek them. Serve God with a pure heart, and happiness and honor shall follow you. Pant you for a foe? You shall have one. There is an enemy to all your species, who hangs the earth in black, and fills it with mourning, lamentation, and woe, and plunges his hatchet in unnumbered souls, and kindles around them eternal burnings. Enter the field against him.

At the close of the first punic war, as Hamilcar, about to cross his army into Spain, stood upon the shores of Carthage, he was reflecting upon the triumphs of the Romans, the rivals of his country. He thought of Sicily yielded by a premature despair, of Sardinia intercepted by fraud, of the stipends maliciously imposed, and above all of the laurels won from his native shores, and his great spirit was stirred within him. In the midst of his meditations his little son, nine years old, approached him, and fawning in a childish manner, entreated his father to lead him with the troops into Spain. The great parent breathed upon the martial spirit of his son, and leading him to the altar bade him touch the sacrifices, and then swear that when he became a man, he would be the enemy of Rome. That son was Hannibal. Ye sons of Christendom, come to the altar of our God, touch the sacrifices of our Jesus, and swear eternal hostility to Satan.

Do you ask for exemplars? I point you to Daniel, to Paul, to Luther. Others have provoked the acclamations of earth—they have called forth the shouts of heaven. Do you demand a magnificent object? The world is before you. Balboa, the discoverer of the South Sea, in crossing the isthmus which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific, ascended a mountain, from which he beheld the unknown ocean rolling in all its majesty. Overwhelmed by the sight, he fell upon his knees to thank God for conducting him to so important a discovery. When he reached the margin of the sea, he plunged up to his middle in its waves, and with sword and buckler took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, Ferdinand of Spain. Lay the map of the world before you, plant your foot on Asiatic highlands, or on some lofty peak of the Andes. Survey continents, and seas, and islands in darkness and captivity, and fall down to thank God that you stand on an eminence from which you see this great sight; then rising in the majesty of faith, and girding on sword and buckler, advance to the conquest of the nations in the name of Zion's King. There are energies slumbering in the smallest bosom among you to shake the world.

I have said what I intended. I now come to bid you farewell. The hour of parting is a solemn one. It is crowded with recollections of pleasures for ever fled, of opportunities neglected, of mercies abused—may I not hope in this instance mingled with recollections of privileges improved, of intercourse sanctified? It is allied to the hour when a man lays his head upon the pillow to die. It suggests the solemn scenes of the final judgment, and the retribution which must follow.

I never lost a dear friend when the remembrance of unkind expressions, and improper thoughts and feelings, and neglected opportunities of doing good did not roll over my sinking heart; and I have wished, as I stood beside the weeping mother in the silent chambers of death, and drew aside the curtain, and gazed upon the cold clay, that I could recall the dear departed for one moment, so that I might throw my arms around his warm neck, and with tears entreat forgiveness. I now stand, in effect, at the graves of many that I love. You may live; but in all probability you will be to me as dead. Our intercourse is about to cease, and we shall see each other's faces no more. In looking back, I have reason to mourn. I see many moments that I have misimproved—many unworthy examples that I have set before you; and although I have toiled with a feeble frame and a heavy heart, and wet my couch with tears, when no eye but that of God could see me, yet I fear that I have not labored for you, that I have not felt for you, that I have not prayed for you as I should have done. Think of these regrets, and may God grant that they may be sanctified to our mutual good! If I have misconstrued any action which was well intended, or formed a wrong opinion of any of you, or struck a single spirit an unnecessary blow, I confess with shame and sorrow, and pray that you will forgive me.

Alas! there are some to whom these acknowledgments come too late. Franklin B. Sain is no more. We saw him sicken and die. We have laid his body in the narrow house. May we not hope that angels have conveyed his soul to its rest in the bosom of God? And where is Ralph Johnson, the facetious, lively Ralph? He lies beneath the waves of the Sandusky Bay. In a moment, joyous, heedless, alone, in the midnight storm, and longing to return to your society, the rude wind capsized his little bark, and he sunk to rise no more. Alas! in vain did the father, in his anguish, call for his dear Ralph—in vain did Leonard search along the shore for his only and well beloved brother—in vain did the mother look out upon the unconscious waters for her youngest and fondest son. Manning B. Seymour, where is he? He was to have been present, to walk through these aisles, to assist in spreading these carpets, to seat these ladies, to participate in your hilarity, and to listen to my voice. Alas! you dragged his body from those fatal waters with your own hands. In slow and solemn procession you followed him through those streets. One by one you gazed and wept upon his coffin, and saw him borne for ever from your sight. These instances admonish us to be also ready.

We part. We may never meet again on earth. We must meet amid the fires of the last day. May we meet at the right hand of the Judge, to whom commending you, I now bid you a final and affectionate farewell.

SLEEP, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

Original.

## YOUTHFUL PIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!  
Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God."

THE Bible suits its admonitions to every age. It addresses not only the mature and the decrepid, but condescends to "little children," and proffers happiness to the young.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is its solemn adjuration to those who are passing from the scenes of childhood to the graver periods of active life. The days of youth may be reckoned those which intervene between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. The former may be considered the limit of childhood and the latter of youth. The preacher's exhortation, therefore, applies in all its force during at least ten years of our probation.

God is mindful of the peculiar temptations which beset this period of life. He knows, too, that inexperience of the vanity of the world adds greatly to the dangers of the youthful. He is aware of the strong inclination of all unrenowned hearts to the delights of sense. He therefore addresses the young with kindness, and yet with authority. He points out to them the value of religion in its temporal uses, and then warns them, by the coming judgment, not to forget God.

What is it to remember our Creator? It is not an *unimpressive notion* of God. This is common to the most careless. To think of God as we think of stars in the day-time, both being out of sight, and pictured only by the imagination, is a vain service. The task to which the preacher invokes is far more serious. They who indulge such careless thoughts of Jehovah, insult his mercy and majesty. The remembrance of God here urged upon us must be a grave, purposed, and pains-taking labor.

To remember our Creator is not an *occasional thinking about him*. It is no virtue to have our uneasy minds, full as they are of change and wanderings, sometimes light upon God. No degree of stupidity, or aggravated sinfulness, can prevent this. We must blot God's name from our language, and the idea which it conveys from our minds, before we can wholly cease to think of God. The vilest transgressors have occasional meditations about the eternal and self-existent—the omnipresent and omniscient Creator.

To remember our Creator is not a *fitful awe and dread of him*, which soon passing away, leaves no savor of devotion—no high resolve of piety. The righteous are in awe of Jehovah; but theirs is habitual reverence, and is displayed in their words and actions.



The wicked may occasionally fear and quake when God comes in his wrathful providences, and overwhelms them with the conviction that he will sometime visit and consume his foes.

To remember our Creator is not an occasional *mis-giving of our worldly affections*, or a momentary inclination of our feelings towards God. Such states of mind now and then unaccountably occur in the most depraved and obdurate. They are scarcely "states," as that implies fixedness. They probably owe their origin, for the most part, to the "drawings of the Father," or to a divine influence shed forth upon men, which softens their hearts, and strongly attracts them towards God. This influence is alluded to by our Savior when he says, "No man can come unto me, except the Father draw him." Some have mistaken these "drawings" for religion. Indeed, it is probable that a large number of those who "*hope*" they are the children of God, have experienced no more than these "drawings of the Father." Had they followed on to know the Lord, instead of the fears and hopes which attend their anxious, unconverted state, their light would have become as the noon-day.

It is time now to consider what positives are implied in remembering our Creator. It implies *serious and diligent meditation on his character and government*. Meditation sometimes denotes a song. Indeed, this is its original import. But we now use it to express a continuous train of thought on some grave theme. To assist our meditations on the divine character and government, we may read, converse, sing, pray, hear the Gospel preached, or dispensing with these aids, may sit in solitary quiet, and revolve in our minds the character and attributes of God. We may, through grace, form a habit of dwelling on religious themes, and then employ most of our time in inquiries connected with our eternal salvation. If unconverted, these meditations will bring to our hearts a distressing conviction of our wickedness and danger—if converted, they will quicken us in our Christian journey, and increase our joy in God.

Remembering God implies a *knowledge of him*. What we never traced we cannot remember. Before memory can hold it the mind must acquire it. But serious and diligent thoughts of God will, by divine teaching, make us acquainted with him, and then we are called to remember him.

Remembering God implies that we are *deeply sensible of his being and his presence*. We must not only see, but *feel* that there is a God. We must realize his perfections. We must have a strong assurance that his providence is over us—that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Without this deep sense of God's being and presence, we shall forget him. If the heart let God go, the head can keep no hold of him. But if the heart receive and retain him in its affections, to think of him will be natural, and in some sort, inevitable. Then our "meditation of him will be sweet." He will become the blessed object of our thankful and devout contemplation. Our affections

will, with mighty force, send our thoughts in a spontaneous and joyful flow towards him.

Remembering God implies *disregard of others*—not a positive, but a comparative disregard. We must loosen the mind and the heart from the world. And we can easily determine whether we remember God. If we spend more hours daily in thinking of him than we do of the world—of its business, its gains, and its delights; and if we do it with a free and gratified heart, then we do remember God. If our thoughts move in that current, and thus flow towards God, not by constraint, but as it were naturally, we may rejoice, for grace has gotten us the victory.

Remembering God implies a disregard of *ourselves*. A sense of God's glory will make us abhor ourselves. How can one be said to remember God who is full of himself. He that does not hate his friends and his "*own life also*," (that is, comparatively,) cannot, says Jesus, be my disciple.

Remembering God implies that *he is our all*. The soul that does not take him for its portion must forget him. God abhors every heart that does not thus receive him, and tears himself away from it. We must not only prefer him to all things, but it must be a strong and decided preference—we must be sick of every thing beside. We must be so charmed by his ineffable glories, as to lothe all else. All creatures in comparison with him must look repulsive, so that the heart will, as it were, fall sick at the sight of them. Then shall we feel the full force of those words, "Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee!"

These are the several things implied in remembering our Creator. And now let us turn to another branch of the subject.

*Ought we not to remember God?* Is it an unreasonable service? Suppose God sustained no relation to us—that we were independent of him, in the origin and in the issues of our being, ought we not even then to remember him? So it seems to me. God is the most excellent being in the universe. All the beauty and glory of the creatures, are cyphers in comparison with the excellence of God. To forget trifles is well enough. But whoever remembers creatures and forgets God, forgets all that is glorious, and is mindful only of the vile. We should abhor to see a man gathering weeds and casting away diamonds. How must angels abhor to see us gathering the filthy creatures into our hearts, and shutting out the all-glorious Creator—the infinitely blessed original and fountain of all beauty and all excellence. To love the saints who bear some faint resemblance to him, and to admire angels, the messengers of his love and the ministers of his beneficence, are reckoned virtues. How much more worthy of our warmest admiration is the Maker of both saints and angels! Assuming, then, that God is neither our Maker nor Preserver, we ought never to forget him. His infinite perfections alone challenge our supreme regard.

But how is this obligation strengthened by our relation to him. In the language of the preacher he is our

"Creator." To forget him as God is brutish, but to forget him as our Creator is devilish. Its flagrancy cannot be estimated. Let us suppose ourselves standing by and witnessing a new creation. First, God originates the chaotic elements. Then he divides the waters and produces the solid surface. Next he creates thousands of animated tribes, and dismisses them to expatiate all abroad. After a solemn pause, with a slow deliberation, he proceeds to form a human body from the dust, framing it with a fearful and wonderful mechanism. Then he breathes into it the breath of life, and fills it with vigorous animation. Last of all, he stamps its vital powers with a mental constitution, and impresses on it the subtle energies of spiritual and moral life. The new-made being glances around with an eye of intelligence, and fixes his admiring gaze upon his all-glorious Creator, who addresses him thus: "Child of my love, I have just now formed you from the dust on which you tread. I have given you these senses. I have animated your frame. I have bestowed upon you power to think, to love, and to act, that you may think of your origin, love your Creator, serve him, commune with him, and be blessed." This offspring of the Deity listens at first, and understands; but while God continues speaking, he turns away, and begins to amuse himself with the butterfly or flowret at his feet. God calls him in vain. He lays his hand upon him to divert him from his untimely amusement in vain. In vain he invokes him in the language of alternate love and anger. Thenceforth, the immortal child of Jehovah forgets his heavenly Parent, and while joyful in the beneficent ministrations of his providence, he has an eye, an ear, and a heart for every thing but God. This is a picture of indevotion. The sinner's image is reflected in this mirror. Whoever forgets God is the monster sketched in the above piece.

But God has, if possible, a still higher claim to our regard—a claim founded on his redeeming acts and sufferings. Here mortals stand alone. No other beings are drawn towards God by any such attraction, or are bound to him by any such ties. Jehovah became incarnate for man alone. For others he acted; for man he suffered. For others he *lived*; for man he *died*! Let angels forget him, but man never—no, *never*.

Let us close with a few reflections on the *means of remembering God*.

Our acts of recollection depend on what philosophers call association. The more numerous and obvious the points of ideal connection between existing and possible themes of thought, the more easily do we pass from the former to the latter. A curious machine reminds us of the inventor. A beneficent deed leads us to inquire for its benevolent author. The gift of a friend or a parent, brings before us the image of the kind and beloved donor. Not to extend the notice of these obvious and numerous principles of association, let us turn and inquire whether they are found in connection with our relations to God, and the dealings of his providence with us.

Now consider how many things there are in nature,

in providence and in grace, to remind us of God. First, here is the machinery of the visible universe, in all its grandeur, beauty and utility, which like the cunning workmanship of a master artist, should always serve to fix our minds on the adorable Maker. By the economy of our being we are every hour compelled to witness the movements of nature. We dwell amidst the whirl of its wheels, and receive each moment the products of its labor. We sow and reap the fields, whose waving harvests spring from her elaborative, mysterious processes. Our bodies and souls reveal to us a God. Their fearful and wonderful construction, with which we are of necessity so intimate, affords us constant and convincing admonitions of the being and the goodness of our Creator. O how can we forget God! While we are mindful that we live and move, how can we forget that we live, move and have our being in Him?

The benevolence of Divine providence should remind us of God. If the gift of a parent draws towards him the affectionate thoughts of his child, how ardently and unceasingly should our hearts incline to our eternal Benefactor. All our comforts drop from his hand. Those which our friends and parents minister flow from him as their ultimate source. Nay, he first bestows friends and parents, and inspires in their bosoms that regard for us which renders them watchful of our happiness, and munificent in their gifts of love. Shall we remember and admire the ministers of his mercy, and forget the gracious Power who sends them into the world, and commissions them to supply our wants from his own bounteous stores? Every thing we eat, drink and wear—our every breath should carry our adoring thoughts to God. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"But God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." No other token of divine regard is worthy to be mentioned in comparison with this. O to live in a world, and be one of a race of beings for whom God gave his Son, and for whom the Son gave his ease and his honors and his life! It is enough to burst the graves, and bring up the dead, with halleluiahs on their lips. And can a mortal thus redeemed forget Almighty God, the author of this unfathomable bounty? Be astonished, ye heavens!

Let the youthful reader turn and remember God. Take God into your heart and you will remember him. Memory clings to those we love. O let your young affections embrace your Creator and Redeemer. Seek his love—seek till his love is shed abroad in your heart. You must seek—you must obtain—you must be changed in your affections till you love God with all your heart, or you must be a demon for ever. If you have been renewed, and have received the Savior, beware how you wander in affection. Shut out the world from your heart. Be sober—watch unto prayer; and remember,

"He who in his statutes treads,  
Shall meet him in the skies."



Original.

## THE INDIAN CONVERT.

The following letter was addressed to Bishop Morris, in his late tour to the northern conferences. It is worthy of a place in the Repository. The reader will recollect it is from an Indian. The original letter is before us, and is written in a remarkably neat style of penmanship. Not one in ten of our business men can write as well. The orthography and punctuation are more defective. We present it, except in these particulars, just as it appears in the manuscript.—ED.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I write a few lines to you to tell you the salvation of God towards me since I cast away my blanket from my body, and my images, or gods, before mine eyes, whom I worshiped many days, and served them with much prayer and fasting. While I set in darkness, and in the shadow of death, I heard a voice, saying, "*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*" Then I beheld the man. Behold, he points to heaven, saying, "*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" Then I repent of my sins. It was a bitter medicine I ever tasted. Then I cried out before the man of God the language of every poor sinner, "*O Lord, what must I do to be saved?*" The good man told me, saying, "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" Then I believed in the Lord Jesus, my Savior. As soon as I believed, my sorrowful heart was turned into great joy. I went home rejoicing and praising God on the way. I took my images, the gods of my father, and I did burn and destroy them; and I said, "*I know now my Redeemer liveth.*" My poor soul was happy in God—my heart was filled with the love of God. Then I had a clear evidence that I was a child of God. I felt to tell all men what great things God has done for me; but I was too young to leave my parents. However, I put my trust in God, knowing that he is an eternal being. O, God, thou art from everlasting to everlasting! I could not help of thinking that it was my duty to go and tell my fellow men to come to Christ, that they may have a new heart, and saved from their sins by the blood of the Lamb. The Spirit of God told my poor heart to ask God, through Jesus Christ, that the favor of God might fill my heart. While I prayed to the God of heaven and earth, he blessed me. My vessel filled with the love of God—it run over. O, what a glorious feeling was this! Then I arose from the bosom of my dear parents, and felt willing "*go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,*" and point sinners to "*the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.*"

O, my brother, while I am writing, the missionary spirit burns in my poor heart. O, how can we be idle, while the wide field is opened before us! My fellow laborer in the Gospel, how do you feel about the glorious work of God? Ah, brother, I know you are happy in God. Your heart is filled with the love of God. I tell you, my brother, what I feel when the missionary spirit burns in my poor heart. O, sometimes makes me to jump out of my chair. What is it for? Why, I see so many poor souls who starve for

want of living bread. And one missionary ask me (his name was John Clark) that if I was willing to follow him in his missionary labor. I told him I was willing to go. Then I told my father and mother what I heard from the missionary. As soon as I had made an end of speaking, they say, "My son, you cannot go away, because you are too young to leave us, and you cannot take care of yourself well; and if you are sick no body will take care of you." Then I told them, "My dear parents, is God too unkind to take care of me wherever I go—to give me favor in my young days, or is God too thoughtless to forget me: if I fall in sickness, will he not take good care of me? Surely he will show me his great kindness even on my dying bed." And my mother told me again, "My son, how can your father and myself let you go? You are younger than the rest of my family. We love you. Why will you forsake us? We are getting old, thou knowest. We shall die soon; then you will go wherever you please." And I told my mother, "O, dear parent, I know you cannot let me go; but God knows that how he can let me go. O, the God of heaven and earth will bless you. I command you to trust in God; then we shall see each other in heaven before the dazzling throne of God." Then my mother wept, and she beheld me weeping, tears on her cheek, and said, "My dear son, the Lord will bless you. I let you go, for God calls you into the ministry. Be faithful."

I have been traveling since that time from place to place, and along the shore of Lake Superior, calling my fellow men to come to Christ by faith, and be saved. O how often I have a glorious time! My poor soul praised the Lord—my poor heart was filled with the love of God. O what a glorious cause! although I often have been tired, not only in preaching but in foot traveling. When the snow is deep in the winter time, when I walked so many days that my feet bled, I was very tired, hungry, and cold. Sometimes I am thinking of brethren's house, if I could stay to-night, how comfortably I will be; but I must dig the snow, and make my nest in a cold place to lodge in during night. It was a cold night. Ah! "the foxes have holes, and the fowls of the air have nests, but the Son of man had no place to lay his head." O, ye missionaries, be not discouraged, but "rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." O what encouragement is this: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O, what a glorious company will that be; when all faithful missionaries cease from their labor, we shall wear the dazzling crown upon our own heads!

And when I came down from the Lake Superior to my appointment this year, I took a small birch bark canoe from Iron river to Kah-ke-wa-oo-naun mission, because I could not find any passage; but by the help of God I determined to come down by myself; and when I started coming down, I had little provision for my journey; and the chief at the place where I started gave me old tomahawk and one paddle. That day I

started, it was very pleasant; and in the evening began to be stormy weather; and when I could not go any farther, so stormy, thundering and lightning, me just kah-e-zhe-ah-gwha-bah-e-wa-yaun; that is, I did run to the land. And I stayed all night on the sand beach, and in the morning it was very heavy wind; so I stayed about two days in that place. But, thank God, I was not comfortless—I had the good Book, the words of eternal life. Our Savior says, "*I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you;*" another word, "*I am with you even unto the end of the world.*" It come to my mind, while I stayed in that place, to make me two ah-zha-bwe-yah-nun; that is, back sitting paddles; but I had nothing to make them with, only a small penknife and old tomahawk, and I thought to try it. I took my old tomahawk—it was very dull—and I hewed one of the small logs. Took me a great while to finish them. As soon as I was done hewing, I set down on the ground, and work it out all day with poor penknife. Just about to finish my oars, I broke my penknife. Then I said, "Thank the good Lord that I finished my oars!" And in the evening I determined to go on all night, because the wind fail; and I thought it would be calm all night. So I pushed out my little canoe, and rowing until twelve o'clock. As I go along on the top of the waves, I sung some good hymns with joy toward my Savior. And about two o'clock the wind blew very hard. Just about half an hour the waves made a terrible noise. I could not land, it so rocky and steep place along the shore. The waves made fearful noise, beating against the shore, and I could not see, it was so dark; but I must try to run to the shore. I thought surely will lose either of my life or my little canoe. In a moment I started head toward the shore, and one of the largest waves coming, and opening his large mouth like a great whale, I thought, "Old fellow, you will swallow me up." Good old fellow cast me on his back, then he runs very fast toward the shore. I thought my poor canoe will go to pieces. He cast me on the dry ground. Then I jump out and look back. I could not see my old horse—where is he gone to? I lift up my heart to the almighty God with praise and thanksgiving, preserving my life out of the mouth of mighty waves to put my feet on the dry land. I remember the words of our Lord and Master, saying, "*The hairs of your head are all numbered, and none of them falleth to the ground without notice of your heavenly Father; and are you not of more value than the fowls? O, ye of little faith!*" And the next morning was a little calm; then I started ahead. About noon the wind changed. I had a sideways wind. I did sail some; but it was very heavy rain; and after sunset I saw a good harbor; then I stopped in that place to stay all night. The next morning was very fair wind, but most too hard wind for me to sail. I was halting for awhile whether I should go on or not; finally, my mind fixed to go on, because so fair wind for sailing. And when I was farther out of the lake I found it was too heavy sea for me to be out of the lake. I thought I missed the mark for this time. I tried to turn back—

I could not make out. The hard wind was as a whip snapping against my canoe, and I found no way to get shore again. It was better for me to put up sail. So I did; then I sailed very fast; and about nine o'clock the wind began to blow very hard, the waves rolling as the rocks rushing down from the steep place; and I thought every wave will swallow me up; but I sung a good missionary hymn; then my poor soul rejoiced in God my Savior. I praised my God for his goodness towards me while the walls of water round about me; and as I was sailing, I saw at a great distance a good harbor. If I could get there, then I might possibly get the shore; but I doubt whether I shall get there or not. By the providence of God I got the shore; and there was a high bluff close to that place when I landed; and I went upon the top of the bluff, and when I got there I turned my face toward the lake, and I said, "Ah! ye mighty waves, I conquered you—I stand above you—ye are under my feet—the place where I am now you will never be able to come up!" Then I lift up my eyes to God, and said, "O, blessed God, by thy mighty strength I got in this place; while I come up here I have passed through fearful waves, who try to swallow me up. O, thou hast put my little canoe in the hollow of thy hand!" And while I said this, I immediately remember when I shall cease my labor here below, and get up there on the mount of God in eternal day, to wear the dazzling crown the Lord Jesus prepared for us by his precious blood. Halleluiah! I began to rejoice; and again I remember the words of our blessed Savior, saying, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" And the next day it was very pleasant; and about nine o'clock I crossed one portage, and I did carry my canoe and things on my back. After sunset I come to the place where I spent the Sabbath. I was really tired out that evening. And the next day, being Sabbath, I rest, and reading the good Book of God. What we called Ke-zha-mun-e-doo Mun-ze-nuh-e-gun, signifies *benevolent God's Book*. Conversing with our heavenly Father all the day long, he did bless me. Monday morning I started again; and about four o'clock I got home at the Kah-ke-wa-oo-naun mission.

I was half sick. And after I spent number of days at the mission, we started, brother John Kahbege and myself and three other Indian brethren at the mission, coming down to Sault de St. Marie mission. We got a very large canoe; and I thought I had quite good company this time. And after we got at Sault de St. Marie mission, I stayed a few days in that place, waiting for the arrival of brother Wm. H. Brockway from conference, the superintendent at Sault de St. Marie and Kah-ke-wa-oo-naun missions; and he told me that I was appointed by the conference to Lakeville mission, where I am now.

I was willing to leave my native country and come down to the place where I was appointed, knowing that God sending his unworthy servant where he may be useful. God forbid that I ever feel to make my choice of the place where I shall labor! My brethren,



if you send me in the woods with my old dull axe and piece of bread, I shall try to be faithful and cut down the trees as many as I can, "God being my helper." And when I come to the place where I have been laboring this year, I was pleased with the country and the inhabitants. And I have found some of the Lakeville Indians loving Jesus Christ as their Savior. They were kind to me after they learned that I was their preacher for this year. I immediately commenced preaching and visiting from lodge to lodge. The Lord blessed the poor Indians, who once laid along the streets of white men, who are part of them black men in their hearts! And now the Indians are praising God in the streets and roads of white men. Now poor whisky, or fire-water traders are ashamed; for the Indians have joined the temperance society, and keep their pledges. Now soon these poor fire-water traders will hide themselves in their whisky barrels. Lord, find them out in their fire-water barrels!

Soon we have large society among the Indians, and many of them experienced the religion of Jesus Christ. I believe all the Lakeville Indians embraced Christianity. Sometime, after I was done preaching, the Indians rejoicing and praising their God with a loud voice as they returned home. I have kept school in three months. I had thirty-six scholars regularly. Some of them are now gone as far as three or four syllables. When I first commenced the school, I found two of the boys knowing letters, from Ke-che-moo-koo-maun-un, which signifies, persons who have a great knife, and rest of them they have learned since that time.

And during this spring I have visited Nebeseeng Indians in Genesee county, Michigan, about thirty-four miles northwest from Lakeville mission. I continued visiting them three times. The last visit I made, the Lord blessed this band of Oo-je-bwais. These poor Indians, while they sat in "darkness, and in the shadow of death," they saw a great light, the light of the Gospel, and salvation from God. Marvelous, O, marvelous light of the Gospel of Christ! He poured down his Holy Spirit upon this tribe, to convict them that they were "very far gone from original righteousness." I took the text from St. Luke xv, 18: "*I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.*" As I went along, explaining my text, I saw the poor Indians listening very attentively, some of them their tears running down on their cheeks. Poor "*prodigal son!*" As soon as I had done preaching, I asked them, who "*will arise and go to his Father?*" And they all, men, women, children, rose up, saying, "We will arise up and embrace Christianity!" And, Monday morning, they all brought their images and bad medicines to me. I took them all, and piling up those images and bad medicines, I did burn and destroy them before their eyes. Those Indians requested some one to labor with them, and I told them I will, God being my helper. But O, God, "*send more laborers into thy vineyard!*" And now, of these Indians, sixty-nine have been baptized, with their children. O this is glorious

tidings in the ears of the bright angels of God, who rejoice before the dazzling throne of God and of the Lamb, when one sinner repenteth of his sins, and coming home to God. And also this is encouragement and glorious news to the saints of God who pray day and night for the prosperity of Zion.

Pray for your unworthy brother and laborer in the Gospel,

MA-DWA-GWUN-A-YAUSH,

alias,

PETER MARKSMAN.

Lakeville Mission, August, 1842.



#### AN ELDER SISTER.

THE station of the elder sister has always appeared to me so peculiarly important, that the privileges which it involves assume almost a sacred character. The natural adjunct and ally of the mother, she comes forth among the younger children both as a monitress and example. She readily wins their confidence, from a conviction that she, even more freshly than the parent, "is touched with the feelings of their infirmities." In proportion to her interest in their affection, will be her power to improve their characters, and to allure them, by the bright example of her own more finished excellence. Her influence upon brothers is often eminently happy. Of a young man who once evinced high moral principle, with rich and refined sensibilities, unusually developed, it was said by an admiring stranger, "I will venture to affirm that he had a good sister, and that she was older than himself."

It has been my lot to know more than one elder sister of surpassing excellence. I have seen them assuming the office of a teacher, and faithfully imparting to those whose understandings were but feebly enlightened, the advantages of their own more complete education. I have seen them softening and modifying the character of brothers, breathing, until it melted, upon obduracy which no authority could subdue.

I have seen one in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lisping student came to her to be helped in its lesson—and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment trustingly to her needle—and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song—and the cheek of her mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade.

I knew another, on whose bosom the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day; from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bare him.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*



MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Original.  
MESMERISM.

—  
BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.  
—

MESMERISM is an *instinct*. Why then seek to elevate it above itself? That there is somewhat in it we would not deny; that there is very much in it, or what should equal any known faculty, to all tests it denies itself. That its reputation has been abused by the extravagant pretensions urged by its professors, we do not doubt. Whilst *these* would elevate it to an available science, the opposite party, in their over-indignation, would stigmatize it as purely empirical. If there is any truth in the matter itself, all the derision in the world cannot gainsay its *action*, whatever it may its reputation. Candor will allow that it is exactly such a subject, full of "wonderment and strangeness," as the many would delight in; and truly this disportment hath been its worst chance; for the inconsistency of its setting forth has been fully as much of themselves as of the subject; and their inadequate handling has thrown the thing into more disrepute than was necessary to its unexplained properties and possibilities. We think that the subject has not been frequently referred to its proper tests. Its essence and its functions we deem to be purely *remedial*: but this only in the degree of a succedaneum, and to come in as auxiliary to nature, where the more obvious modes of treatment have, in their combinations, not only failed, but have so exhausted their subject, that repetition and renewal must not be attempted in the same form.

But there is other access of healing—other accessories of the human constitution to be acted upon; and to these is accorded a mercy—a sort of physical extreme unction, which may soothe and calm, and in its repose give time for nature to rally and recover herself. Were it only of that physical sympathy, as the physician expresses it, by which the mental belief strengthens and re-assures the body as a method and medium, it should be, in some sort, accredited; for the adage has it, "There is a sickness which cures not, for sadness." And for the thirteen hundred and sixty inexplicable varieties of nervous disease\*—if there is found for any number of these a remedy, occult though it be, should it be disregarded or neglected, even in the face of cures? This is carrying the pride of science beyond its integrity; for fact is the only test of truth in the medical as in all other experiment.

Why, then, should it be thrown out here, with the insufficient assertion that the system ought to be doubted, because it is not generally believed; that is, "I will not believe, because others do not believe," even when those others have not spent a single reflection upon the subject, but have only attended to it as a matter of talk. "How absurd!" say they, "as if people would not at once know of a matter personal to all." But personal to all it is not, but confined in its reliefs to the lesser

number of persons; for many, by nature, or by the misuses of health, are "out of tone" to its application and efficiency. There is no doubt that the human animal does, either through ignorance or neglect, worse abuse his physical than either his moral or his spiritual nature. His physical, which though really inferior, he yet estimates as more eminent and more precious than his other conditions of being. This responsibility, we say, he violates daily and hourly. And because the mal-practices which hurt him are common and general, he takes no thought that they are injurious, and that, as in the other departments of his being, they tend, in prolonged error, to "death." Even whilst the most precious object of nature is the conservation of vitality, almost the least regarded is the preservation of health; and it is wantonly said, "Man is born to die!" Yes, but not before his time. If we take a close enough view of the subject, can we not see that not one half the number of human beings fill the measure of their days? for there is a providence ordained which is the law of their health—with which they have not complied—which, like spiritual life, they have rejected. Yet God is long-suffering, and in their extremity he pities them. It is not to one or to two agencies alone that he has deputed their recovery; and amongst others would we name the innate power existing in the physical system to receive a help in extremity, by means but recently known, or recently revived, by the name of Mesmerism. This power is remedial, and as such should not be wasted. And how much does it revolt us that the subject has been distorted from its real integrity, and set up for a show! We believe it to be remedial, and, as we have said, not common to every constitution. But this is no partiality or obliquity of its nature; for practitioners agree that certain medical agents, even specifics, are not agreeable to every constitution, yet not the less for this are they disregarded as salutary to others.

"What!" says the scoffer, "is this mysterious agency, after the lapse of four or five thousand years, come to be known as existing in the human constitution, and of which not one of all the myriads which in all that time have peopled the earth, and in successive generations have gone down to its graves, of which not one was conscious!" This, we allow, is surprising, but yet not without precedent. How many centuries had elapsed before the circulation of the blood was known? If the chronometer of life itself, articulating its pulsations, and counting seventy-five (!) for every minute for each individual, for all those centuries of time—if this, we say, were not noticed, what else might not be overlooked? Yet, for man's disregard, was it less true to its office, less substantially useful to all the breathing nations of the earth, than if it had *been known*? And is it now the less universally accredited, because for ages it was not believed? And no doubt there may be other agencies in full operation, which it is perhaps their very simplicity that hinders us from noticing. The machinery of nature, in its facile beauty, strikes us not—it is only when disorder occurs that we are

\* Vide Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.



aroused. The constant falling of the dew, though a thousand times more efficacious, is less observed by us than the pattering of the occasional shower, or the pelting of the hard rain.

None deny but that "dumb beasts" possess methods of perception which we "wot not of." They know, without a look or a movement, who of us are hostile to them; and not only to their need hath nature made them "sharp-seeing," but they know, also, who, in the natural elements of their constitution, are harmless to them. The bee catchers are those who love them; and all animals perceive the harmony of friendliness or the jarring of antipathy. And though some instances, at first sight, may seem to contradict this—for some poor worried brutes have habits of precaution—yet these we shall find have been superinduced upon them by circumstances, and are out of the category of natural animals. The spider, that we intend to sweep from the wall, knows when we would go about this movement, although we have given no demonstration. The animal has a true instinct; that is, their *animal magnetism* is never at fault. And here may be found the analogy we would seek. The sentient human being may also possess possibilities of this sort, hidden away from common use and common waste, and kept as a sort of *dernier resort* when the proper faculties shall have become disabled by disease, or done away by *remedies*. That the sort of perception we have noticed should extend from brutes to man into an intercommunication would seem not necessary, in most cases; yet where there is need, we may infer that it does. We all acknowledge our antipathy to the noxious animals with power to hurt us—at least our consciousness to the premonitory sense is then aroused; whilst the snake rattles his alarum of the same dread. And this same latent power of intercommunication may exist in the human constitution, bidable to the same species at need—and *to need should it be confined*; for the power, such as it is, common to brutes, but extended to man, we would not compare, in dignity, or use to the faculties proper and peculiar to humanity, but only class it a latent power, possible to our extremity, as a succedaneum when our health, and the faculties which served it, have both succumbed to disease, and the disproportionate remedies which the leech with discreetest skill has failed to measure. But this remedy, where it is efficacious, measures itself. First comes ease and then the "sleep;" and the watcher by the bed of affection would, whether in ignorance or by perception, fain thank God that a remedy, though occult and hidden, were found for the mitigation of suffering, which the known remedies had failed to cure. And who, under such circumstances, does not fail to deprecate the *misuse*, and absurd straining, which, irreverent in themselves, tend to throw odium and disgrace upon that which, in limited and peculiar measures, is salutary and efficacious, in its proper sphere of *remedial* aid.

But the uncandid, because they cannot allow all the claims affected for the subject, deny it any thing, and this without a hearing. All of science we know, has

been won step by step—by analogy—by the patience of repeated and varied experiments—here apparent and there occult—searching nature, and taxing art in the process—now succeeding and now frustrated, till the patience of wisdom has at last deduced results reconciling nature and reason; and philosophy has claimed the hard-earned treasure, and sanctioned it to science and to truth.

But in animal magnetism we have a subject, of the benevolence of which nature herself hath given the inkling; and yet, without process, or examination, with only a ribald jest at the unworthy grimacing which hath been put upon it, it is dismissed with the positive and full grown *opinion* of him who utters it. Quoting Solomon, he says, "There is no new thing under the sun." Verily; but many an *undiscovered* one is there; and we would hint that all are *not* Solomon who are of Solomon.

But it is the leech who should reclaim this blessing from the mountebank, and guard it from the profanation of the vulgar, and keep, and cherish, and dedicate it, in the proper sense, to the "healing of the nations."

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Original.

#### SHADOWS.

We are fleeting. Like shadows we soon pass away,  
And the sun will soon set on our life's longest day—  
Soon the chill night of death will burst on our view,  
Ere we cease all the shadows of earth to pursue.  
What is joy but a shadow? and yet we engage  
In the phantom-like chase, from our youth to old age;  
And the prize which we promise ourselves soon to gain  
Is that which the earth-born can never attain.  
What is syren-tongu'd pleasure, that form which we seem  
Oft to clasp, in the mazes of mirth's witching dream,  
When the soft note of music pours forth its sweet strain,  
And we pant for the dream-like enchantment again?  
O, it is but a shadow, whose glimmering light  
Will vanish away like the slumbers of night:  
It gleams but a moment—we bend to its power,  
And dream we are blest in the revel's wild hour.  
What is fame but a shadow, to dazzle the eye—  
To urge on the warrior to conquer or die?  
It can wake up the harp of the poet again,  
To pour out his soul in his passionate strain.  
The world of his being is gleaming and bright,  
And his visions are teeming with scenes of delight,  
While fancy's creations, as round him they throng,  
Spring anew into life with his rapturous song.  
Yet all we deem lovely, and all that is fair,  
Like the dew drops of morning, will melt into air.  
As the light clouds of even, which gladden the eye,  
All the bright, and the lovely will vanish and die.  
Thus the shadows of earth, its pomp, and its power,  
All the boast of its great ones in flattery's hour,  
With the smiles of the gifted, the praise of the brave—  
All are shadows which soon shall be lost in the grave.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Original.

## SCENES AT SEA.—NO. II.

DURING several transatlantic voyages, by personal intercourse, and close observation, I had the opportunity of ascertaining something of the feelings and habits of sailors, a most deserving but long neglected class of men. Of all the claimants to the benevolence and sympathies of the human heart, they that go in ships, and dwell upon the deep, possess the strongest and most irresistible. Prejudice, founded in ignorance of their real condition and true character, has always exerted a powerful repellant influence to keep off the hand of philanthropic and Christian effort to elevate their character, and lead them to the Savior. With all his faults, there is in the sailor something peculiarly interesting and attractive. His perilous avocation on the tempestuous ocean, and his greater danger from his avaricious destroyers on land, should awaken our interest in his behalf. Sailors are distinguished for their noble bearing and generous feelings. When you have their confidence, they are open and frank in conversation, faithful and devoted in their friendship, yet proverbial for thoughtlessness and prodigality. Among them we may find every shade of character, from the most godly Christian to the most unprincipled and abandoned debauchee.

In view of the demoralizing and contaminating influences thrown around the sailor, it is remarkable that so few of them are sceptical in sentiment. Generally, they believe in the being of God, his special providence, and that the Holy Scriptures contain the revelation of his will. Occasionally, however, a sailor is found infidel in theory as well as in practice.

On an outward bound voyage, among the crew, about twenty in number, I found an infidel sailor—if I mistake not, the child of praying parents, a native of the rock-bound coast of Scotland. He was gloomy and sullen in temperament, but an able seaman. His mind was strong and vigorous, and somewhat cultivated; but poisoned with the deadly virus of atheism. He stoutly denied the existence of God—professed to believe that all things came by chance—discarded the doctrine of divine Providence, and esteemed the human soul and its immortality of being a delusive whim. On one occasion, while our ship was lying to, waiting for a pilot, I had an opportunity to converse with our atheistical mariner. In the lone hour of midnight, undisturbed, but by the regular footstep of the watch, and the gentle breaking of the waves against the vessel, I introduced the subject on which we so widely differed. He seemed strongly entrenched in his position, yet at times betrayed the secret misgivings of his heart. As we were leaning on the larboard bulwarks, a large and beautiful ship, distinctly visible by the silvery brightness of a full-orbed moon, passed near us. I asked my atheistical friend, "Do you believe that that splendid and well equipped vessel sprung, like a bubble, from the ocean? or that she built herself?" "No," was his prompt reply; "she was designed and built by skillful and intelligent men." "Then," said I, "this great

world must have some adequate builder—it must be an effect produced by infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. That ship was built by some man, but he that built all things is God." "But," inquired the atheist, "who saw God creating this world? Where have you evidence of the fact? Did you or any one else see him at it?" I replied by asking him, "You firmly believe that that ship is the work of some builder. Did you see her on the stocks? and were you a personal eyewitness of her building?" "No, not I." "Yet you believe the fact as if you had been a bystander when her timbers were hewn, and her bolts driven. And can you think that the great ship, the world, built itself? or that fortuitous atoms came together and formed it? Is it not as reasonable to believe, from other evidence, that God created it, as if you stood by the barren womb of nothing, hearing his command, 'let there be light,' or saw every particle of matter adjusted in its place by his almighty and intelligent hand?" The conviction was resisted—his rebellious heart rose in arms against the truth. The silence that ensued was broken by asking another question in relation to the providence of God: "Do you suppose that noble ship would perform her voyages regularly, driven by the wind, without a captain, helmsman, or pilot on board; that she made her ports of her own accord, having no helm but the wind. Though you were not aboard, would you not say, in reference to her successive and regular voyages, that she was under the command of an intelligent and skillful captain? Now look at the great ship, the earth we dwell upon—you know the regularity of her revolutions. Could these be sustained if she moved by chance? Is not atheism here irrational and absurd? Her Creator is her commander, helmsman, and pilot. See how regular she makes her daily and annual voyages—never out of her course, or behind her time. Should a day be lost or gained in her voyage round the sun, all your nautical tables would be worthless. Can you, then, for a moment any more doubt that she is under the direction of some skillful commander than if you saw him regulating her motion? And remember, if God is regulating her course, he must of necessity observe the behavior of her crew."

The pilot now arrived. All hands were summoned on deck, and in a few moments we were making rapid headway to port. There I parted with the atheistical sailor, to see him no more till the loud blast of an archangel's trump shall bid earth and sea give up their dead. Then, beholding a burning world, and a God in glory, atheism shall be for ever silenced, and its votaries covered with shame and everlasting contempt.

B. W. C.



WE cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities of a man, yet suffering the tortures of a demon, and bearing them with the magnanimity of a god, do we not behold an heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate, and must admire.



Original.

## THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. IX.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

HISTORIANS—HERODOTUS—THUCYDIDES—XENOPHON.

BEFORE entering upon a sketch of the prominent historians, a passing remark on the general subject of early history may not be inadmissible. We have stated that the earliest attempts at poetic writing among the Greeks consisted of mythological narratives, generally relating to the gods. From the satyric chorus\* sprung the drama. To other songs of a kindred character are to be traced the first outlines of history. These mythic songs previously related the exploits of gods. Afterwards demi-gods and heroes were celebrated. These led to a more extended notice of the individuals celebrated. Their "wondrous deeds" were recorded, although interwoven with a great deal of fiction; for then every thing assumed a poetic aspect. Hyperbole and metaphor were the chief characteristics of all their narratives. From these *chronicons* Herodotus conceived the idea of compiling a history of preceding events. This was probably the first attempt at regular history. From this fact he is often called the father of profane history. If, therefore, we adopt the course of infidel France, and reject the BIBLE, as being untrue, and unworthy of credit, we are left without any record of the world's history until the times of Herodotus; and the history of the world, from the creation until near the close of the Babylonian captivity, becomes a perfect blank!

## HERODOTUS.

Herodotus was born at Halicarnassus, B. C. 484. He was of Dorian extract, and of a distinguished family. His uncle, Panyasis, was a poet of eminence, ranked by some as next to Homer. The events in the life of Herodotus, which have come down to us from antiquity, are few and doubtful, except such as can be collected from his own works. Of his early history we know nothing. After arriving at maturity, he left Halicarnassus, on account of the tyranny of Lygdamus, the governor of his native place, and took up his residence in Samos. Before he was thirty years old he joined in a successful attempt to expel Lygdamus. But the banishment of the tyrant did not produce lasting peace. Herodotus having become the object of dislike to many of his countrymen, again left his native place, and joined an Athenian colony at Thurium, in southern Italy. Here he died. At what age, and under what circumstances, is uncertain.

Herodotus was remarkable as a historian and as a traveler. He visited three continents. In Africa he traversed Egypt from extreme north to extreme south. To the west he proceeded as far as Cyrene. In Asia he visited Tyre, Babylon, Ecbatana, and Susa. He traveled extensively in Asia Minor, and proceeded as far east as Colchis, the ancient Havilah. In Europe

\* So called from Satyri, a species of demi-gods, part man and part goat, who are said to have danced and sung before Bacchus.

he visited a large part of the country on the Black Sea. He was well acquainted with Athens, Delphi, at which was the celebrated oracle of Apollo, Dodona, Olympia, Delos, and many other places of Greece. He also visited southern Italy. These extensive travels, by enriching his knowledge of men and places, well qualified him for the literary labors which he had undertaken.

His history is contained in nine books. Its design was to combine a general history of the Greeks and barbarians with the history of the wars between the former and the Persians. It commenced with the overthrow of Cræsus, the Lydian king, by Cyrus, (B. C. 546,) and terminates with the complete triumph of the Greeks over the Persians, (B. C. 478)—embracing a period of 68 years. Although his object was single, yet, in its development, he was led into many minute descriptions of places and circumstances which mar the unity of his work. These digressions are interesting, as they give a very good idea of the places, manners, and customs of the people whom he visited.

As a writer he is attractive, but as a historian not always to be followed implicitly. The character of the age in which he lived tempted him to seek for the marvelous. In gratifying this taste of his age, he is biassed, and permits his desire of pleasing to sway his judgment. He is, however, in many respects invaluable. He read his history at the Olympic games with applause. Subsequently he read it at the Panathenæan festival at Athens, when the Athenians presented him with the sum of ten talents (\$10,555) as a reward for his eulogy on the deeds of their nation. By the Greeks he was held in high estimation, and time has detracted little from his well-earned reputation.

## THUCYDIDES.

Thucydides was born in Halinusia, in Attica, B. C. 471. His father's name was Olorus, or Orolus. On his mother's side he was descended from Cimon, the son of Miltiades, names illustrious in the history of Greece. At the age of fifteen, he is said to have listened to the works of Herodotus at the Olympic games, and to have been affected even to tears. This fact, however, has been questioned. His education was of the highest order, having had such instructors as Anaxagoras. Of the particular events of his life until the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, history is silent. When in his forty-seventh year, (B. C. 434,) he was appointed to the command of the Athenian fleet off the coast of Thrace, which also included a command of the Athenian colonies there. While lying at Thasus, he was suddenly summoned to the defense of Amphipolis. By an unavoidable detention he arrived at this point half a day too late. He succeeded, however, in saving a place of considerable importance, called Eion. The Athenians, being out of humor at the disaster, degraded and banished him. He had married a rich lady of Scaptesyle. Thither he retired, and employed his resources in obtaining information respecting all the circumstances of the war. This banishment continued twenty years. After the close of the war, which lasted twenty-seven years, a general amnesty

was proclaimed, and a short time afterwards a decree was passed recalling him from exile. The last years of his life were spent in reviewing and correcting his great work, which he called the "History of the war between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians."

As a writer, Thucydides has been held in high estimation, not only by his countrymen but by the world. His attention was turned to literature, and especially to history, by the example of Herodotus. Yet he is not an imitator. No two writers in the same department are more dissimilar. Herodotus sought the applause of his fellow countrymen. For this his better judgment sometimes yielded to popular prejudices. Not so Thucydides. He did not court favor. His sole object seems to be, faithfully to record the *truth*, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The following quotation from an eminent English writer is just, both in regard to the history and its author.

"For the faith of this history I shall have the less to say, in respect that no man hath ever yet called it into question. Nor, indeed, could any man justly doubt of the truth of that writer, in whom they had nothing at all to suspect of those things that could have caused him either voluntarily to lie or ignorantly to deliver an untruth. He overtasked not his strength by undertaking a history of things long before his time, and of which he was not able to inform himself. He was a man that had as much means, in regard both of his dignity and his wealth, to find the truth of what he relateth, as was needful for a man to have. He used as much diligence in search of the truth (noting every thing while it was fresh in his memory, and laying out his wealth upon intelligence) as was possible for a man to use. He affected, least of any man, the acclamations of popular authorities, and wrote not his history to win applause, as was the use of that age, but for a monument to instruct the ages to come, and entitleth his book, *a possession for everlasting*. He was far from the necessity of servile writers, either to fear or to flatter. In fine, if the truth of a history did ever appear, by the manner of relating, it doth so in this history."

The style of Thucydides has ever been considered a fine model. Conciseness and strength are its chief characteristics. In these respects he was imitated, both by Sallust and Tacitus. He also excels in the power of description. His account of the Athenian plague is, in this respect, unrivaled, unless we except a passage in Euripides' tragedy of Medea. Like Herodotus, and his successors, he introduces the supposed speeches of individuals of whom he is writing into his works, to give variety to the style. This practice has been rejected by historians of modern date.

#### XENOPHON.

Xenophon was born at Athens, B. C. 445. While a youth he met Socrates, who asked him where the best provisions were to be found. Xenophon told him. Socrates then asked where the wisest and best men could be found. Xenophon hesitated. Socrates said to him, "Then follow me and learn." This incident gave direction to his future life. He became a follower

of the Athenian philosopher, and made rapid progress in that moral wisdom for which his master was so eminent. He accompanied Socrates in the Peloponnesian war, and became distinguished in several battles. While in his forty-fourth year, Cyrus the younger commenced preparations for the invasion of his elder brother, Artaxerxes, king of Persia. Proxenus, who was an intimate friend of Xenophon, was at this time at the court of Cyrus. Being desirous of obtaining all the forces in his power, he desired Proxenus to secure the assistance of Xenophon.

After the death of Cyrus, who fell in the attack, a retreat of the Grecian forces from Babylonia was attempted. The principal leaders of the Greeks were destroyed. Xenophon was a private, but was advanced to the chief command. This retreat of the ten thousand furnished a splendid theme for Xenophon's historic pen.

Some four or five years after his return he joined the Spartan general, Agesilaus. The Athenians, being displeased with this alliance, brought an accusation against him for his services under Cyrus, and condemned him to exile. The Spartans took Xenophon, as an injured man, under their protection, and presented him an estate delightfully situated, near Olympia, where, according to some writers, he remained until his death, at the age of ninety. Others say he took up his residence and died at Corinth.

While here the Thebans, under Epaminondas, made their last effort against Sparta. At the great battle of Mantinea both the sons of Xenophon were present. The elder survived; but the younger rushed into the battle, killed Epaminondas, and was cut to pieces by the enemy. When the news reached Xenophon he was sacrificing. He laid aside the garland, and inquired the particulars of his son's death. Learning that he fell bravely, he resumed the garland, and continued the sacrifice.

As a writer Xenophon was a model of ease, purity, and elegance. By some he was called "the Attic Muse," by others "the Athenian Bee." "He had the faculty of varying his style, so that in philosophy, history, and narrative, he appears equally at home."

His chief works are, 1. "Grecian History," in seven books, intended as a continuation of the history by Thucydides. 2. The "Anabasis," or the retreat of the ten thousand. 3. "The Cyropædia," a historical romance, illustrating rather what a prince *ought to be*, than what Cyrus was. 4. "Biography of Agesilaus," king of Lacedæmon. 5. "Memoirs of Socrates," the most interesting of all his philosophical works. 6. "A Defense of Socrates before his Judges," intended to show the reasons why Socrates preferred death to the humiliation of addressing entreaties to prejudiced judges. 7. "The Banquet of Philosophers." "The object which Xenophon had in view in writing this piece, which is a *chef d'œuvre* in point of style, was to place in the clearest light the purity of his master's principles relating to friendship and love, and to render a just homage to the innocence of Socrates."



## THE BIBLE AND HOMER.\*

## PARALLEL BETWEEN THE BIBLE AND HOMER.

*Terms of Comparison.*—So much has been written on the Bible, it has been so repeatedly commented upon, that the only method perhaps now left to produce a conviction of its beauties, is to compare it with the works of Homer. Consecrated by ages, these poems have received from time a species of sanctity which justifies the parallel, and obviates every idea of profanation. If Jacob and Nestor be not of the same family, both at least, belong to the early ages of the world, and you feel that it is but a step from the palace of Pylos to the tents of Ishmael.

In what respect the Bible is more beautiful than Homer; what resemblances and what differences exist between it and the productions of that poet—such are the subjects which we purpose to examine in these chapters. Let us consider these two grand monuments, which stand like solitary columns at the entrance to the temple of Genius, and form its simple, its majestic peristyle.

In the first place, it is a curious spectacle to behold the competition of the two most ancient languages in the world, the languages in which Moses and Lycurgus published their laws, and David and Pindar chanted their hymns. The Hebrew, concise, energetic, with scarcely any inflexion in its verbs, expressing twenty shades of a thought by the mere apposition of a letter, proclaims the idiom of a people, who, by a remarkable combination, unite primitive simplicity with a profound knowledge of mankind.

The Greek, probably formed from the Hebrew, (as may be reasonably conjectured from its roots and its ancient alphabet,) displays in its intricate conjugations, in its endless inflections, in its diffuse eloquence, a nation of an imitative and social genius: a nation elegant and vain, fond of melody and prodigal of words.

Would the Hebrew compose a verb? he needs but know the three radical letters which form the third person singular in the preterite. He then has at once all the tenses and all the moods, by introducing certain *servile* letters before, after, or between those three radical letters.

The Greek meets with much greater embarrassments. He is obliged to consider the *characteristic*, the *termination*, the *augment*, and the *penultima* of certain persons in the tenses of the verbs; things the more difficult to be discovered, as the characteristic is lost, transposed or takes up an unknown letter, according to the very letter before which it happens to be placed.

These two conjugations, Hebrew and Greek, the one so simple and so short, the other so compounded and so prolix, seem to bear the stamp of the genius and manners of the people by whom they were respectively formed; the first retraces the conciseness of the patriarch who goes alone to visit his neighbor at the well of the palm tree; the latter reminds you of the prolixity

of the Pelasian on his first appearance at the door of his host.

If you take at random any Greek or Hebrew substantive, you will be still better able to discover the genius of the two languages. *Nesher*, in Hebrew, signifies an *eagle*; it is derived from the verb *shur*, to *contemplate*, because the eagle steadfastly gazes at the sun.

The Greek for *eagle*, is *ἄετος*, *rapid flight*.

The children of Israel were struck with what is most sublime in the eagle: they beheld him motionless on the mountain rock watching the orb of day on his return.

The Athenians perceived only the impetuous flight of the bird, and all that motion which harmonized with the peculiar motion of their own thoughts. Such are precisely those images of *sun*, of *fire*, of *mountains*, so frequently employed in the Bible, and those allusions to *sounds*, to *courses*, to *passages*, which so repeatedly occur in Homer.

Our terms of comparison will be:—Simplicity; Antiquity of Manners; the Narrative; the Description; the Comparisons or images; the Sublime. Let us examine the first of these terms.

1. *Simplicity.* The simplicity of the Bible is more concise and more solemn; the simplicity of Homer more diffuse and more lively.

The former is sententious and employs the same locutions to express new ideas.

The latter is fond of expatiating, and often repeats in the same phrases what has been said before.

The simplicity of Scripture is that of an ancient priest, who imbued with all the sciences, human and divine, pronounces from the recess of the sanctuary the precise oracles of wisdom.

The simplicity of the poet of Chios is that of an aged traveler, who, beside the hearth of his host, relates all that he has learned in the course of a long and chequered life.

2. *Antiquity of Manners.* The sons of the shepherds of the east tend flocks like the sons of the king of Ilium. But if Paris returns to Troy, it is to reside in a palace among slaves and luxuries.

A tent, a frugal table, rustic attendants—such is all that Jacob's children have to expect at their father's.

No sooner does a visitor arrive at the habitation of a prince in Homer, than the women, and sometimes even the king's daughter herself, leads the stranger to the bath. He is anointed with perfumes, water is brought him in ewers of gold and silver, he is invested with a purple mantle, conducted to the festive hall, and seated in a beautiful chair of ivory, raised upon a step of curious workmanship. Slaves mingle wine and water in goblets, and present the gifts of Ceres in a basket; the master of the house helps him to the juicy back of the victim, of which he gives him five times as large a share as that of the others. The greatest cheerfulness prevails during the repast, and plenty soon appeases hunger. When they have finished eating, the *stranger* is requested to relate his history. At length, when he is about to depart, rich presents are

\* Concluded from p. 336.

made him, let his appearance at first have been ever so mean; for it is supposed that he is either a god who comes thus disguised to surprise the heart of kings, or at least an unfortunate man, and consequently a favorite of Jupiter.

Beneath the tent of Abraham the reception is different. The patriarch himself goes forth to meet his guest; he salutes him and then pays his adorations to God. The sons lead away the camels and the daughters fetch them water to drink. The feet of the *traveler* are washed; he seats himself on the ground, and partakes in silence of the repast of hospitality. No inquiries are made concerning his history: no questions are asked him; he stays or pursues his journey as he pleases. At his departure, a covenant is made with him, and a stone is erected as a memorial of the treaty. This simple altar is designed to inform future ages, that two men of ancient times, chanced to meet in the road of life, and that after having behaved to one another like two brothers, they parted never to come together again, and to interpose vast regions between their graves.

Take notice that the unknown guest is a *stranger* with Homer and a *traveler* in the Bible. What different views of humanity! The Greek implies merely a political and local idea, where the Hebrew conveys a moral and universal sentiment.

In Homer, all civil transactions take place with pomp and parade; a judge seated in the midst of the public place, pronounces his sentences with a loud voice; Nestor on the seashore, presides at sacrifices or harangues the people. Nuptial rites are accompanied with torches, epithalamiums, and garlands suspended from the doors; an army, a whole nation attends the funeral of a king; an oath is taken in the name of the Furies, with dreadful imprecations.

Jacob, under a palm tree, at the entrance of his tent, administers justice to his shepherds. "Put thy hand under my thigh," said the aged Abraham to his servant, "and swear to go into Mesopotamia." Two words are sufficient to conclude a marriage by the side of a fountain. The servant conducts the bride to the son of his master, or the master's son engages to tend the flocks of his father-in-law for seven years in order to obtain his daughter. A patriarch is carried by his sons after his death to the sepulchre of his ancestors, in the field of Ephron. The manners are of higher antiquity than those delineated by Homer, because they are more simple; they have also a tranquility and a solemnity not to be found in the former.

3. *The Narrative.* The narrative of Homer is interrupted by digressions, harangues, descriptions of vessels, garments, arms and sceptres, by genealogies of men and things. Proper names are always surcharged with epithets; a hero seldom fails to be *divine, like the immortals*, or *honored by the nations as a god*. A princess is sure to have *handsome arms*; her shape always resembles the *trunk of the palm tree of Delos*, and she owes her locks to the *youngest of the graces*.

The narrative of the Bible is rapid, without digression, without circumlocution; it is broken into short

sentences, and the persons are named without flattery. These names are incessantly recurring, and the pronoun is scarcely ever used instead of them; a circumstance which, added to the frequent repetition of the conjunction *and*, indicates by this extraordinary simplicity, a society much nearer to the state of nature, than that sung by Homer. All the selfish passions are awakened in the characters of the *Odyssey*; whereas they are dormant in those of *Genesis*.

4. *The Description.* The descriptions of Homer are prolix, whether they be of the pathetic or terrible character, melancholy or cheerful, energetic or sublime.

The Bible, in all its different species of descriptions, gives in general but one single trait; but this trait is striking and distinctly exhibits the object to our view.

5. *The Comparisons.* The comparisons of Homer are lengthened out by relative circumstances; they are little pictures hung round an edifice to refresh the eye fatigued with the elevation of the domes by calling it to natural scenery and rural manners.

The comparisons of the Bible are almost all given in few words: a lion, a torrent, a storm, a conflagration, roars, falls, ravages, consumes. It is, however, no stranger to mere circumstantial smiles, but then it adopts an oriental turn and suddenly personifies the object, as height in the cedar, &c.

6. *The Sublime.* Finally the sublime in Homer commonly arises from the general combination of the parts, and arrives by degrees at its acme.

In the Bible it is always unexpected; it bursts upon you like lightning, and you are left wounded by the thunderbolt, before you know how you were struck by it.

In Homer again, the sublime consists in the magnificence of the words harmonizing with that of the ideas.

In the Bible, on the contrary, the highest degree of sublimity always proceeds from a vast discordance between the majesty of the ideas, and the littleness of the word that expresses it.

Human language sinks beneath the weight of heavenly objects. This species of sublime, the most impetuous of all, is admirably adapted to an immense and awful being, allied at once to the greatest and the most trivial objects.

*Examples.* A few examples will now complete the development of our parallel. We shall reverse the order which we before pursued, that is, we shall begin with addresses, from which short and detached passages may be quoted, (such as the *sublime* and *similes*,) and conclude with the *simplicity and antiquity of manners*.

There is a passage remarkably sublime in the *Iliad*; it is that which represents Achilles, after the death of Patroclus, appearing unarmed at the entrenchments of the Greeks, and striking terror into the Trojan battalions by his shouts.\* The golden cloud which encircles the brows of Pelides, the flame which plays upon his head, the comparison of this flame with a fire kindled

\* *Iliad*, lib. xviii, v. 204.



at night on the top of a besieged tower, the three shouts of Achilles which thrice throw the Trojan army into confusion: form altogether that Homeric sublime which, as we have observed, is composed of the combination of several beautiful incidents with magnificence of words.

Here is a very different species of the sublime; it is the movement of the ode in its highest enthusiasm.

"A prophecy against the valley of vision. Wherefore dost thou thus ascend in crowds to the house-tops.

"City full of tumult, city full of inhabitants, triumphant city? Thy children are slain, and they have not died by the sword, neither have they fallen in battle.

"The Lord shall crown you with a crown of affliction. He shall throw you like a ball into a wide and spacious field, there shall ye die, and to this shall the chariot of your glory be reduced."\*

Into what unknown world doth the prophet all at once transport you? Who is it that speaks, and to whom are these words addressed? Movement follows upon movement, and each verse produces greater astonishment than that which precedes it. The city is no longer an assemblage of edifices; it is a female, or rather a mysterious character, for the sex is not specified. This person is represented *going to the house-tops to mourn*; the prophet sharing her agitation, asks in the singular, *wherefore dost thou ascend*, and he adds, *in crowds*, in the collective. He shall throw you *like a ball into a spacious field*, and *to this shall the chariot of your glory be reduced*. Here are combinations of words, and a poetry truly extraordinary.

Homer has a thousand sublime ways of characterizing a violent death; but the Scripture has surpassed them all in this single expression: "*The first-born of death shall devour his strength.*"†

The *first-born of death*, to imply the most cruel death, is one of those metaphors which are to be found no where but in the Bible. We cannot conceive whither the human mind has been in quest of this; all the paths that lead to this species of the sublime are unexplored and unknown.

It is thus also that the Scriptures term death, *the king of terrors*;‡ and thus too they say of the wicked, *they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity.*||

When the same Job would excite a high idea of the greatness of God, he exclaims:—*hell is naked before him*§—*he withholdeth the waters in the clouds*¶—*he taketh the scarf from kings, and girdeth their loins with a cord.*\*\*

The soothsayer, Theoclimenus, is struck, while partaking of the banquet of Penelope, with the sinister omens by which the suitors are threatened. He addresses them in this apostrophe:

O race to death devote! with Styg'an shade  
Each destin'd peer impending fate invade:  
With tears your wan, distorted cheeks are drown'd;  
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:  
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,  
To people Orcus and the burning coasts!

\* Isaiah xxii, 1, 2, 18.

† Job xviii, 13.

‡ Ibid. v, 14.

|| Ibid. xv, 35.

§ Ibid. xxvi, 6.

¶ Ibid. xii, 15.

\*\* Ibid. xii, 18.

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,  
But universal night usurps the pole!\*

Awful as this sublime may be, still it is inferior in this respect to the vision of Eliphaz in the book of Job.

"In the horror of a night vision, when the deepest sleep falleth upon men,

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"*A spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up with horror.*

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. A spectre appeared before mine eyes, and I heard a voice like a low whisper."†

Here we have much less blood, less darkness, and fewer apparitions, than in Homer; but this *form that could not be discerned*, and *this low whisper*, are, in fact, much more awful.

As to that species of the sublime which results from the collision of a great idea and a little image, we shall presently see a fine example of it when we come to treat of comparisons.

If the bard of Ilium represents a youth slain by the javelin of Menelaus, he compares him to a young olive tree covered with flowers, planted in an orchard, screened from the intense heat of the sun, amid dew and zephyrs; but suddenly overthrown by an impetuous wind upon its native soil, it falls on the brink of the nutritive waters that conveyed the sap to its roots. Such is the long simile of Homer, with its elegant and charming details:

As the young olive in some sylvan scene,  
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,  
Lifts the gay head in snowy flow'rets fair,  
And plays and dances to the gentle air;  
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades  
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;  
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,  
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.‡

The Bible, instead of all this, has but a single trait: "The wicked," it says, "shall wither like the tender vine, like the olive tree which sheddeth its flowers."||

"The earth," exclaims Isaiah, "shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a tent set up for a single night."§

Here is the sublime in contrast. At the words, *it shall be removed*, the mind remains suspended, and expects some great comparison, when the prophet adds, *like a tent set up for a single night*. You behold the earth, which to us appears so vast, spread out in the air, and then carried away with ease by the mighty God by whom it was extended, and with whom the duration of ages is scarcely as a rapid night.

Of the second species of comparison which we have ascribed to the Bible, that is, the *long simile*, we meet with the following instance in Job:

"You should see the wicked bathed with dew before

\* Pope's Homer's Odyss., book xx, v. 423—430.

† Job iv, 13—16. The words in italics show the places in which we differ from Sacy. He translates: *A spirit appeared before me, and the hair of my head stood erect*. The superior energy of the Hebrew is sufficiently obvious.

‡ Iliad, lib. xvii, v. 55, 56. || Job xv, 33. § Is. xxiv, 20.

the rising of the sun, and his stem flourishing in his garden. His roots multiply in a heap of stones and grow strong there; if he be snatched from his place, the very place where he stood shall deny him, and say: I never saw thee."\*

How admirable is this simile, or rather, this prolonged metaphor! Thus, the wicked are denied by those sterile hearts, by those *heaps of stones*, in which, during their guilty prosperity they foolishly struck root. Those flints which all at once acquire the faculty of speech, exhibit a species of personification, almost unknown to the Ionian bard.†

Ezekiel, prophesying the destruction of Tyre, exclaims: "The ships shall tremble, now that thou art seized with dread; and the isle shall be affrighted in the sea, when they see that no man cometh out of the gates."

Can any thing be more awful and more impressive than this image? You behold in imagination that city once so flourishing and so populous, still standing with all her towers and all her edifices, but not a living creature traversing her desert streets, or passing through her solitary gates.

Let us proceed to examples of the narrative kind, and we shall find a rare combination of *sentiment, description, imagery, simplicity, and antiquity of manners*.

The most celebrated passages, the most striking and most admired traits in Homer, occur almost word for word in the Bible, but here they invariably possess an incontestible superiority.

Ulysses is seated at the festive board of King Alcinous, while Demodocus sings the Trojan war and the misfortunes of the Greeks.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd,  
To soft affliction, all his manly mind:  
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,  
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:  
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed  
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:  
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd  
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.  
Transported with the song, the list'ning train  
Again with loud applause demand the strain:  
Again Ulysses vail'd his pensive head,  
Again unman'd, a shower of sorrow shed.‡

Beauties of this nature, have from age to age, secured to Homer the first place among the greatest geniuses. It reflects no disgrace on his memory that he has been surpassed in such pictures, by men who wrote under the immediate inspiration of Heaven. But vanquished he certainly is, and in such a manner as to leave criticism no possible subterfuge.

Those who sold Joseph into Egypt, the own brothers of that powerful man, return to him without knowing who he is, and bring young Benjamin with him according to his desire.

"Joseph saluted them courteously, and asked them: Is your father, the old man of whom ye spake, yet alive? Is he well?"

\* Job viii, 16—18.

† Homer has, however, represented the shore of the Hellespont as weeping.

‡ Pope's Homer's Odys. b. viii, v. 79—90.

"And they answered: Thy servant, our father, is yet alive and in good health; and they bowed down their heads and made obeisance.

"Joseph, lifting up his eyes, saw his brother Benjamin, the son of Rachel his mother, and said to them: Is this your youngest brother, of whom ye spake unto me? My son, added he, may God be ever gracious to thee!"

"And he hastily withdrew, because his bowels yearned when he beheld his brother, and *because he could no longer contain his tears*; retiring, therefore, to another chamber, *he wept*.

"And after *he had washed his face*, he returned, and constraining, commanded his servants to bring something to eat."\*

Here are Joseph's tears in opposition to those of Ulysses; here are beauties of the very same kind, and yet what a difference in pathos! Joseph weeping at the sight of his ungrateful brethren, and of the young and innocent Benjamin; this manner of inquiring concerning his father; this adorable simplicity; this mixture of grief and kindness, are things wholly ineffable; the tears naturally start into your eyes, and you are ready to weep like Joseph.

Ulysses, disguised in the house of Eumæus, reveals himself to Telemachus; he leaves the habitation of the herdsman, strips off his rags, and restored to his beauty by a touch of Minerva's wand, he returns magnificently attired.

—————The prince o'eraw'd  
Scarce lifts his eyes and bows as to a god.  
Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)  
How art thou chang'd, he cries, a god appears!  
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,  
Far other glories lighten from thy face!  
If heaven be thy abode, with pious care,  
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:  
Lo! gifts of labor'd gold adorn thy shrine,  
To win thy grace: O save us, power divine.  
Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,  
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.  
I am thy father. O my son! my son!  
That father for whose sake thy days have run  
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,  
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.  
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy  
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.  
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew,  
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.†

We shall recur to this interview, but let us first turn to that between Joseph and his brethren.

Joseph, after a cup has been secretly introduced by his direction into Benjamin's sack, orders the sons of Jacob to be stopped. The latter are thunder-struck; Joseph affects an intention to detain the culprit; Judah offers himself as an hostage for Benjamin; he relates to Joseph that, before their departure for Egypt, Jacob had said to them:

"Ye know that Rachel, my wife, bare me two sons.

"And the one went out from me; ye told me that a wild beast devoured him, and I have not seen him since:

\* Genesis xlviii, 26—31.

† Pope's Homer's Odyssey, book xvi, v. 194—213.



"And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him by the way, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Then Joseph could no longer refrain himself, and being surrounded by several persons, he cried: Cause every man to go out from me, that no stranger might be present while he made himself known to his brethren.

"Then the tears falling from his eyes, he raised his voice, which was heard by the Egyptians and the whole house of Pharaoh.

"And he said unto his brethren: I AM JOSEPH; doth my father yet live? But his brethren could not answer him, so great was their consternation.

"And he spake kindly to them and said: Come near to me, I pray you: and they came near, and he added: I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

"Be of good cheer. It was not by your counsel that I was sent hither; but by the will of God. Now haste you and fetch my father.

"And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept also as he held him in his embrace.

"Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept over each of them."\*

We find this history in the volume which forms the ground-work of that religion so despised by sophists and free-thinkers, and which would have a just right to return contempt with contempt, were not charity its essence. Let us examine in what respects the interview between Joseph and his brethren surpasses the discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Homer, in our opinion, has, in the first place, fallen into a great error in employing the *marvellous* in his picture. In dramatic scenes, when the passions are agitated, and all the miracles ought to emanate from the soul, the intervention of a divinity imparts coldness to the action, gives to the sentiment the air of a fable, and discloses the falsehood of the poet where we expected to meet with nothing but truth. Ulysses, making himself known in his rags by some natural mark, would have been much more pathetic. Of this Homer was himself aware, since the king of Ithaca was revealed to Euryclea, his nurse, by an ancient scar, and to Laertes by the little circumstance of the pear trees which the good old man had given him when a child. We love to find that the heart of the *destroyer of cities* is formed like those of other men, and that the simple affections constitute its base.

The discovery is much more ably conducted in Genesis. By an artifice perfectly fraternal, and in the most harmless revenge, a cup is put into the sack of the young and innocent Benjamin; the guilty brethren are overwhelmed with grief, when they figure to themselves the affliction of their aged father; and the image of Jacob's sorrow taking the heart of Joseph by surprise, obliges him to discover himself sooner than he had intended. As to the pathetic words: *I am Joseph*—every body knows that they drew tears of admiration from Vol-

taire himself. Ulysses found in Telemachus a dutiful and affectionate son. Joseph is speaking to his brethren who *had sold him*; he does not say to them, *I am your brother*, but merely, *I am Joseph*, and this name awakens all their feelings. Like Telemachus, they are deeply agitated, but it is not the majesty of Pharaoh's minister, 'tis something within their own consciences that occasions their consternation. He desires them *to come near to him*: for he raised his voice to such a pitch as to be heard by the whole house of Pharaoh, when he said *I am Joseph*; his brethren alone are to hear the explanation, which he adds in a *low tone*: *I am Joseph, YOUR BROTHER, WHOM YE SOLD INTO EGYPT*. Here are simplicity and generosity carried to the highest degree.

Let us not forget to remark with what kindness Joseph cheers his brethren, and the excuses which he makes for them, when he says, that so far from having injured him, they are, on the contrary, the cause of his elevation. The Scripture never fails to introduce Providence in the perspective of its pictures. The great counsel of God, which governs all human affairs, at the moment when they seem to be most subservient to the passions of men and the laws of chance, wonderfully surprises the mind. We love the idea of that hand concealed in the cloud, which is incessantly engaged with men; we love to imagine ourselves something in the plans of infinite Wisdom, and to feel that this transitory life is a pattern of eternity.

With God every thing is great, without God every thing is little: this extends even to the sentiments. Suppose all the circumstances in Joseph's story to happen as they are recorded in Genesis: admit the son of Jacob to be as kind, as tender, as he is represented, but let him be a *philosopher*, and instead of telling his brethren, *I am here by the will of the Lord*, let him say, *fortune has favored me*, the objects are instantly diminished; the circle becomes contracted, and the pathos is vanished, together with the tears.

Finally, Joseph kisses his brethren as Ulysses embraces Telemachus, but he begins with Benjamin. A modern author would not have failed to represent him falling in preference upon the neck of the most guilty of the brothers, that his hero might be a genuine tragedy character. The Bible, more intimately acquainted with the human heart, knew better how to appreciate that exaggeration of sentiment, by which a man always appears to be striving to perform or to say what he considers something extraordinary. Homer's comparison of the sobs of Telemachus and Ulysses with the cries of an eagle and her young, had, in our opinion, been better omitted in this place. *And he fell upon Benjamin's neck, and kissed him and wept; and Benjamin wept also as he held him in his embrace*. Such is the only magnificence of style adapted to such occasions.

We might select from Scripture other narratives equally excellent with the history of Joseph; but the reader himself may easily compare them with passages in Homer. Let him take, for instance, the story of Ruth, and the reception of Ulysses by Eumæus. The

\* Genesis xlv, and xlv.

book of Tobit displays a striking resemblance to several scenes of the Iliad and Odyssey: Priam is conducted by Mercury in the form of a handsome youth, as Tobias is accompanied by an angel in the like disguise.

The Bible is particularly remarkable for certain modes of expression, far more pathetic, as we think, than all the poetry of Homer. When the latter would delineate old age, he says:

Slow from his seat arose the Pylion sage,  
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,  
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;  
Two generations now had pass'd away,  
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway;  
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,  
And now th' example of the third remain'd.

This passage possesses the highest charms of antiquity, as well as the softest melody. The second verse with the repetitions of the letter L, imitates the sweetness of honey, and the pathetic eloquence of an old man:

Τὸ καὶ αὐτὸ γλῶσσης μελῖτος γλυκύνει φωνή.

Pharaoh, having asked Jacob his age, the patriarch replies:

"The years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty: few and evil have the days of my life been, and they have not attained unto those of my fathers."\*

Here are two very different kinds of antiquity: the one lies in the image, the other in the sentiments; the one excites pleasing ideas, the other melancholy; the one, representing the chief of a nation, exhibits the old man only in relation to a certain condition of life; the other considers him individually and exclusively; Homer leads us to reflect rather upon men in general, and the Bible upon the particular person.

Homer frequently touched upon connubial joys, but has he produced any thing like the following?

"Isaac brought Rebecca into the tent of Sarah, his mother, and he took her to wife, and he loved her so much that the grief which he had felt for his mother's death was assuaged."†

We shall conclude this parallel, and the whole subject of Christian poetics, with an essay which will show at once the difference that exists between the style of the Bible and that of Homer; we shall take a passage from the former and paint it in colors borrowed from the latter. Ruth thus addresses Naomi:

"Be not against me, and force me not to leave thee and to go my way: for whither thou goest, I will go with thee. Where thou diest, I will die; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."‡

Let us endeavor to render this verse in the language of Homer.

The fair Ruth thus replies to the wise Naomi, honored by the people as a goddess: "Cease to oppose the determination with which a divinity inspires me: I will tell thee the truth, just as it is, and without disguise. I will remain with thee, whether thou shalt continue to reside among the Moabites, so dexterous in throwing the javelin, or shalt return to Judea, so fertile in olives.

With thee I will demand hospitality of the nations who respect the suppliant. Our ashes shall be mingled in the same urn, and I will offer agreeable sacrifices to the God who incessantly accompanies thee.

"She said: and as, when the vehement south wind brings a cool refreshing rain, the husbandmen prepare the wheat and the barley, and make baskets of rushes nicely interwoven; for they foresee that the falling shower will soften the soil and render it fit for receiving the precious gifts of Ceres: so the words of Ruth, like the fertilizing drops, melted the whole heart of Naomi."

Such, perhaps, as closely as our feeble talents allow us to imitate Homer, is a shadow of the style of that immortal genius. But has not the verse of Ruth, thus amplified, lost the original charm which it possesses in the Scripture? What poetry can ever be equivalent to this single stroke of eloquence, *Populus tuus populus meus, Deus tuus Deus meus*. It will now be easy to take a passage of Homer, to efface the colors, and to leave nothing but the ground-work, after the manner of the Bible.

We have thus endeavored, to the best of our limited abilities, to make our readers acquainted with some of the innumerable beauties of the sacred Scriptures. Truly happy shall we be, if we have succeeded in exciting within them an admiration of that grand and sublime corner-stone which supports the whole Church of Jesus Christ!

"If the Scripture," says St. Gregory the Great, "comprehends mysteries capable of perplexing the most enlightened understandings, it also contains simple truths fit for the nourishment of the humble and the illiterate; it carries externally wherewith to suckle infants, and in its most secret recesses wherewith to fill the most sublime geniuses with admiration: like a river whose current is so shallow in certain parts that a lamb may cross it, and deep enough in others for an elephant to swim there." F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Original.

RELIGION.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

ANGEL of mercy! with thy balmy wing  
Thou shelterest earth's wanderers—the lost,  
The hopeless, the distress'd, the tempest-tost.  
The widow's riven heart is made to sing  
When thou art hers; the orphan child doth rest  
His weary, throbbing head upon thy breast,  
And finds in thee a father, mother, friend.  
When transient life is near its mortal end,  
And smitten man in helpless pain is lying,  
Thou hoverest softly, kindly o'er the dying.  
The joys of heaven then minglest in his dreams,  
While his dim eye with hope immortal beams,  
And death is vanquish'd, and the grave o'ercome,  
And endless life secured! Thus may I prove,  
When my frail form is stiff'ning for the tomb,  
Thy soothing pow'r, thou messenger of love!

\* Genesis xlvii, 9.

† Ibid. xxiv, 67.

‡ Ruth i, 16.



Original.

## THE SAINT COMFORTED.

BY J. G. BRUCE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," Is. xl, 1.

THIS, like many other portions of the sacred writings, is supposed to have a two-fold application—its first is to the then peculiar state of the Church; its second to the days of Messiah. Without any pretense to a precise interpretation, I shall present,

I. *A Scriptural view of the people of God.* "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness," Romans iv, 3, Genesis xv, 6. God covenanted with Abraham, *his friend*, 2 Chron. xx, 7, Genesis xvii, 1, 16, and instituted *circumcision* to "be the token of the covenant;" thereby separating him, his family, and all who should receive the token, from the rest of the world, and constituting them his own. To these, in covenant with God, belonged *exclusively* the privileges of the visible Church—"the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the services of God, and the promises," Rom. ix, 4. But the enjoyment of these high privileges, and outward conformity to the *rites* of the Church, did not make them, of necessity, the "people of God," in the Christian sense of the phrase; though they fell into this error, and imagined that, because they were Abraham's seed, they were the true "*people of God*." Yet they were taught that an inward change—a *circumcision of the heart*—was essential to the perfection of their covenant relation, Deut. x, 16, Jer. iv, 4; for under the old as well as the new dispensation, God taught that "his kingdom *was* not of this world." "For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel: neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children. \* \* \*

That is, they which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God," Rom. ix, 6, 7, 8. The claim founded upon descent is here set aside, and that founded upon faith and sincere devotion fully established: "For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God," Rom. ii, 28, 29. The claim founded upon a strict observance of the external rites and ceremonies of the Church is here denied, and that founded upon "the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," admitted and confirmed. The people of God are those that "believe on his name, which are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Such were some of the Jews in the days of Isaiah, and to them are addressed the words of the text.

II. *Their condition at the time the prophet was sent to them.*

It was perilous in the extreme. A strong foe was without. *Sennacherib*, king of Assyria, was marching upon Jerusalem with a numerous army. *Rabshakeh*,

a chief man of Assyria, had delivered a blasphemous message from his master to the King and people of Jerusalem, threatening them with defeat and overthrow if they did not surrender. His message was well calculated to alarm the Jews, and effect his object. It consists of three arguments:

1. He boasts of the strength of his master's army—points the Jews to the feebleness of their own military force, and the insufficiency of their allies, the Egyptians, Isaiah xxxvi, 5, 6, 8, 9.

2. He boasts of the victories achieved by his master. "Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad? where are the gods of Sepharvaim? and have they delivered Samaria out of my hands?" verses 18, 19. Over all these he had triumphed, and the fenced cities of Judah had fallen before him. This rehearsal of victories *won*, was admirably adapted to his purpose, very likely to intimidate those who relied only upon the impotent arm of the soldiery for defense. The sight of an army coming up from one field of slaughter after another, always flushed with victory, would strike terror to the heart of even the immortal Spartan band. How much more that of the inhabitants of Jerusalem!

3. He tries to weaken their confidence in God, by reminding them of their sins, and an ingenious reference to the conduct of Hezekiah, then king of Judah. "But if thou say to me, We trust in the Lord our God: is it not he, whose high places and whose altars Hezekiah hath taken away, and said to Judah and to Jerusalem, Ye shall worship before this altar," verse 7. Hezekiah succeeded his father, the idolatrous Ahaz, 2 Chron. xxxiii, 27, during whose reign altars and groves had been multiplied. The doors of the temple had been shut, 2 Chron. xxviii, 24, 25, and altars raised in every "corner of Jerusalem," under pretense of rendering more convenient the services of divine worship, but really for the purposes of *idolatry*. These altars Hezekiah had pulled down, 2 Kings xviii, 3, 4, 2 Chron. xxxi, 1, and commanded the people to come to the temple, as required by the law, Deut. xii, 11. This is the act referred to, You have raised altars to God, your king pulled them down, and now asks you to trust in Him to whom he has offered the highest possible insult. With an ignorant and superstitious people no argument could have more weight. Hezekiah did right; but the difficulty was to separate in the minds of the Jews the precious from the vile.

Do you see nothing, my readers, in the conduct of Rabshakeh that resembles that of the enemies of the Church at the present day? I aver that they have been guilty of *plagiarism*, and now use precisely the same arguments that were used 2564 years since by Rabshakeh. They now talk of the millions who sit in the region of the valley and shadow of death, and the comparatively small number who are devoted to true religion. They tell us Christianity is exiled from the place of its birth; that the *crescent* has triumphed over the *cross*, even on the very summit of Calvary; that

the *fane* of "*the prophet*" has risen over the altars of God upon Mt. Zion. They point with *demon-like* triumph to those who have turned back to the bondage of corruption, and walk no more with God's elect—to the negligence and sins of Church members, and vauntingly exclaim, "You shall be conquered!" Thus harassed and perplexed, the prophet is sent to comfort them: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people."

### III. *The contents of the prophet's message.*

1. He was instructed to comfort them with the assurance of their speedy deliverance from their perilous condition. "Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem. Say unto her, thy warfare is accomplished." Accomplished! Why, they had not struck the first blow. The enemy's banners were hanging round them "like leaves of the forest when summer is green." It matters not—"her warfare is accomplished." Those banners shall be furled or left alone; that gathered host shall be scattered; the solemn feasts of Zion, interrupted by the presence of the enemy, shall be again celebrated. People of God, lift up your eyes! "look upon Zion the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down." Put off your sackcloth, gird you with gladness, bring forth the timbrel and harp, and give to the breeze the songs of Zion; for your God "stillemeth the noise of the sea, and the tumults of the people."

2. He was instructed to comfort them with the assurance that they should triumph over their enemies. The Assyrian gloried in the strength of his own arm, and spake "great swelling words of vanity;" and at his coming, Zion quaked, and the heart of the king was moved, "and the heart of his people as the trees of the wood moved by the wind." But "let not him that putteth on his armor boast, as he who putteth it off." This insolent foe shall be conquered. The prophet says to him, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee. I (says God) will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest," Isaiah xxxvii, 22, 29. With God it is an easy matter to save by many or few. He watched over his people. To their foes he said thus far shalt thou come; and then,

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past;  
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,  
The heart but once heaved, then for ever was still."

In conclusion, we may learn from this subject,

1. That the present condition of the Church is not hopeless. Though her enemies are strong, active, and vigilant, and in their attacks desperate—her friends comparatively few, weak, and not always consistent, sometimes hindering, by their example, the work of God—sometimes, Judas like, selling their Master for a few pieces of silver—yet she hath passed through many such scenes of conflict. She has always made a gallant defense, and always triumphed. She can point to a thousand fields where she has fought and conquered. Her bearings are as lofty now as at any former

period; and, in the language of Hannibal to his soldiers on the eve of an important battle, "which ever way I turn my eye I see nothing but courage and strength."

2. That the triumph of the wicked is short. "I have seen the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree, but he was soon cut down." They fight against God, and prosper, but suddenly they are overtaken by the vengeance of Him to whom vengeance belongs, and their names are blotted out for ever.

Where are the ancient opposers of God's people? Where is Babylon, with walls, and towers, and brazen gates, who said, "I am a queen: I shall not sit as a widow; neither shall I mourn the loss of children." She struck at the Church of God—the blow rebounded upon herself, and she was riven to atoms. But for that she might have been to this day. Let him who now puts forth his hand to stay the Church in her work of benevolence, go and sit down amid the ruins of that proud city, if he can find them, and hear, in the fiend-like shriek of the *satyr*, and the voice of the cormorant, his sentence, "So shall the haters of God perish." The hand that would stay the ark shall be withered.

Original.

## THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

"Thy promise fair  
Hath sought the grave to sleep for ever there."

BYRON.

'Tis here he rests! death's mortal sleep  
Has sealed his flashing eye;  
And many a kindred soul shall weep,  
And heave the anguish'd sigh:  
Sad tears his slighted grave shall steep,  
While we recall his memory.

His slender form is stiff and cold,  
His melting voice is hushed;  
That heart now lies beneath the mold,  
Whence love's pure currents gushed;  
But Fame enshrines him in her scroll,  
Though chill neglect his soul has crushed.

Unhappy youth! though round thy bed  
No kindred forms were seen;  
Though none the generous tear did shed,  
Nor o'er thee pitying lean;  
Though, undistinguished 'mid the dead,  
We look upon thy grave-turf green;

Friendship, thro' every coming year,  
Though thou to heav'n art flown,  
Thy pleasing virtues shall declare,  
As round thy path they shone—  
Embalm thy memory, and revere,  
And all thy dark misfortunes mourn.



Original.

## THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant."—GENESIS.

To feel in all their blissful force the truth those words record,  
As it was felt by him address'd, earth's solitary lord,  
To realize, as once he did, the precious proffer'd good,  
We must roll back the car of time, and stand where Noah stood—  
Must let imagination paint that elemental strife  
Which recently had reft the world of loveliness and life.  
Fresh from the scenes of that wild storm, whose deep-ton'd, deaf'ning roar  
Yet linger'd on his ear and heart, as sounds had ne'er before,  
With black terrific images engrav'd upon his breast  
Of struggling victims sinking down, their crimes too late confest—  
Familiar faces, anguish'd eyes, despairing tow'rs him turn'd,  
Who, when he would have kindly warn'd was set at nought and spurn'd—  
Of long and weary days, whose course no sunbeam rose to gild,  
And sleepless nights, which went and came, the tempest yet unstill'd,  
And dreams of quiet, broken oft by some proud city's fall,  
Whose obsequies the harsh winds howl'd, as ocean spread its pall—  
While, during all this dreary date, no star look'd out on high,  
To light with hope the gloomy void, or cheer the phrenzied eye—  
No shrub, no flow'r display'd its leaves, nor lent the air its breath—  
No twig remain'd to triumph o'er the wide-spread waste of death—  
Earth, sea, and air, were all at war; and when they ceas'd to rave,  
The ark was floating, with its freight, above the general grave.  
'Twas then its occupant came forth a lonely world to tread,  
And sorrowing thought, we well may deem, was busy with the dead;  
And while, with grateful heart, he knelt before the shrine of prayer,  
And own'd his deep unworthiness of God's preserving care,  
His anxious eye with fear survey'd the future race of man,  
And sought the yet unacted scenes of coming years to scan;

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For though, its primal curse repeal'd,\* the earth might yet be glad,  
And all its barren wastes rejoice, in richest verdure clad,  
He knew—the foul depravity which *human nature* stain'd,  
The deluge had not wash'd away—that source of woe remain'd.  
Another curse might then o'erwhelm the renovated earth,  
And every costly gift of Heav'n be scatter'd at its birth.  
While picturing such a state of things, methinks the patriarch trod,  
With wish the ground might ne'er revive its devastated sod.  
'Twas in that sad, reflective hour, whose anguish none might tell,  
The voice of God upon his ear in words of promise fell,  
The radiant bow in glory spann'd the desolating cloud,  
Which lately o'er the doom'd expanse in wrathful darkness bow'd;  
And though the vapory gloom it arch'd, still linger'd in the view,  
Omnipotence appear'd to smile upon the prospect too.  
The boon of life to man became once more a thing of worth,  
And hope and enterprise again walk'd hand in hand o'er earth.  
Years scarcely told have pass'd away since first that covenant bow  
Was hung on high to lighten man along his track of woe—  
A pledge to him, however dark the sky above him frown'd,  
No curse from Heav'n should for his sake again destroy the ground—  
No war of elements conflict with nature's general peace,  
But seasons all her laws obey, till time itself should cease.  
Years have gone by, and in their march beheld a rebel race  
Abuse the countless gifts of God and scorn his offer'd grace,  
And scenes of guilt, and crime, and blood have made the earth their stage,  
And men and devils join'd their pow'r to wake the Almighty's rage;  
Yet still it meets the eye, unchang'd, that bright and beauteous token—  
God hath been true; though long provok'd, his covenant stands unbroken.  
Who looks upon it can but read in every brilliant line  
The patience infinite of Him who gave the precious sign!

\* Bishop Sherlock thinks the curse pronounced on the earth at the fall of man was removed by the flood. See Gen. viii, 21

Yes, there it hangs—nor is this all—to every human breast  
 It brings a promise and a pledge amidst its hues imprest,  
 Which tell, however dark the gloom which wraps their moral sky,  
 There shall be light and peace for those who on their God rely.  
 He may see fit with shadows thick to curtain all their path,  
 And hang across their darkened view the emblems of his wrath;  
 But while yon rainbow gilds the storm, to them the hope is given,  
 That all who trust a covenant God, shall have the light of heav'n;  
 That wheresoe'er o'er human lots the clouds of woe appear,  
 The bow of peace shall kindle there to animate and cheer.



Original.

#### THE CLOSING YEAR.

BEYOND the misty bounds of time  
 There lies a region wide and fair;  
 And beauteous forms and beauteous scenes  
 In harmony are mingled there:  
 No storms nor fears, no rude alarms  
 Can mar that ever happy clime;  
 For HOLINESS the sceptre wields,  
 Arrayed in majesty sublime.

There cherubim and seraphim  
 With all the angelic hosts unite  
 In pleasures which can never cloy—  
 In fadeless bliss—in pure delight;  
 And man, redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
 May hope in their blest joys to share,  
 And, clad in robes of righteousness,  
 With them a crown of glory wear.

Are such our hopes? Is such the bliss  
 Which waits our souls beyond the tomb?  
 And when our earthly house shall fail,  
 Have we an everlasting home?  
 Then let the rolling years haste by  
 With swiftness of a seraph's flight;  
 They'll only bring our longing souls  
 To those blest realms of holy light.

But be it ours—while on the wing  
 With noiseless speed those moments fly—  
 By faithful toil, and holy zeal,  
 To lay up treasures in the sky.  
 Be ours the bliss to stud our crowns  
 With jewels bought by Jesus' blood,  
 Which like celestial stars shall shine  
 Amid the firmament of God.

Then with unmingled joy we'll cast  
 Those crowns before the Savior's feet,

And with adoring rapture bend  
 Before his high irradiant seat.  
 A seraph's heart, an angel's tongue,  
 Attuned to holy joys shall move;  
 While, in a higher, sweeter strain,  
 WE'LL sing of his redeeming love. G. W.



#### WOMAN'S TRUST.

WATCHING by the couch of pain  
 Till the light of day shall wane—  
 Till the evening star is high—  
 Till the midnight shadows fly—  
 Silent, wakeful vigils keeping  
 O'er the sufferer's fitful sleeping:

Soothing with a gentle tone,  
 When the wearied bird has flown—  
 Pointing upward to those bowers,  
 Fragrant with undying flowers,  
 Where a sunless light is glowing  
 O'er the waters gently flowing:

Seeking out the humble home  
 Where the widow weeps alone,  
 Raising with a lenient hand  
 That forsaken orphan band—  
 Pouring forth the oil of gladness  
 On the heart oppressed with sadness:

Weeping unregarded tears,  
 Striving with unutter'd fears,  
 Gathering fresh and blooming flowers  
 For life's sere and blighted bowers,  
 Radiant, gentle as the glow  
 Beaming from the covenant bow:

Drawing from the guilty heart  
 Sin's polluted, poisonous dart—  
 Telling of that balm so free,  
 Gushing fresh from Gilead's tree—  
 Of that stream whose healing flow  
 Washes crimson white as snow:

Watching with unwearied eyes  
 Till the Savior's day-star rise,  
 Latest where he bows his head,  
 Marking well his lowly bed,  
 Casting spices and perfume  
 Earliest on his hallowed tomb:

This thy trust, O, woman, this—  
 This the sign that seals thy bliss—  
 This the purest, brightest gem  
 Sparkling in thy diadem—  
 This the power thy God has given—  
 This thy pathway up to heaven. MARY.



THE rising morning can't assure  
 That we shall end the day,  
 For death stands ready at the door  
 To seize our lives away.



## NOTICES.

**THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR:** *an offering for Christmas and New-Year. Edited by J. Shepherd. Boston: published by Henry B. Williams.*—U. P. James, of this city, has this beautiful annual on sale. We regret that it was not received in time to be noticed in our November number. It is truly a Christian Souvenir. Let the pious, who wish to present to their friends a gift which will tend to chasten their affection, call at Mr. James' and purchase this volume. It contains forty-two admirable pieces by the best American writers, and six splendid engravings. Its spirit breathes in the following fragment, called, "The Watch Light."

"Two lovers were separated; the one was conveyed to an island, the other pined in solitude on the main land. Night came upon the earth; and the love-prompted maiden hung out from a tower a torch-light. Far off upon the shore the devoted watched it, and with his eye intent upon it, he plunged the waves, and manfully breasted the surge till he reached the opposite strand. With the morning dawn he returned; but again at eve sought the watch light. It was there; and again he swam the flood triumphantly. Another night, and the third time he saw the distant gleaming; but the clouds frowned, the rain beat, the waves roared, and the thunder muttered. Still, with a bold heart, and strong arm, he pushed the waters aside, till in the midst of the waste. He withdrew his eye from the blaze, and when he looked again he saw it not! The fierce glare of the lightning terrified him; and, bewildered and exhausted, he sank into the deep, and perished for ever! Like that torch-light is the star of Bethlehem, glowing above the battlements of heaven, and shining far off upon life's waste of waters, steadily and undimmed. Keep that in your eye, and it shall guide you safely amid the storms of temptation, the howling blasts of evil, and at last bring you to the shores of bliss, and encircle you in the arms of the Savior of your soul. Press on! Press on!"

**FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,** *for the use of Schools and Academies. By James Renwick, L. L. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This book will supersede other brief treatises on natural philosophy. It is admirably calculated for its object. It shows the present state of the science. It can be studied with success by those who have not a very extensive acquaintance with mathematics, and its numerous plates will be of great use to illustrate the principles of natural science. Dr. Renwick is, by his scientific treatises, rendering an important service to the public. This work is on sale at the Book Room in this city.

**THE OLIVE PLANT, AND LADIES' TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,** is the title of a neat folio sheet, published semi-monthly at New York. It contains interesting recitals of the progress of temperance principles among the ladies. There is a difference between temperance *principles* and temperance *practices*. The latter have adorned female life—with some exceptions—in all time; but the former are now beginning to develop themselves in the form of female temperance societies all over the land. They will be triumphant. The number of the Olive Plant now before us says, "The Ladies' Cold Spring Society are preparing a splendid banner for the Cold Spring Young Men's Temperance Society." Some of its columns are occupied in describing several presentations of banners from the ladies' to the gentlemen's temperance societies.

**THE WESTERN LANCET,** *edited by Dr. Lawson,* and published in this city, has reached its sixth number. This and the first number, which are all we have seen, admirably sustain the literary reputation of the editor, and of the gentlemen who contribute to its pages. In connection with our highly respectable Medical College, and its talented faculty, this periodical must exert a happy influence.

We presume that the professors of that institution will feel a deep interest in the success of the Lancet, and will liberally contribute to its pages. They ought to do so. Wealthy citizens, whether physicians or otherwise, ought, by all means, to subscribe for the Lancet.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**MARY ANN GREER.**—"Suffer little children to come unto me." Why? Has Jesus gifts for little children? Yes; "he took them up in his arms and *blessed* them." Nor was it a naked blessing—a blessing in word only. Jesus never thus blesses. He does not say, "Be ye warm and be ye clothed," and then leave the sufferer to perish. When the evangelist assures us that he took little children in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them, he teaches us two things; namely, that little children are capable of being blessed, and that Jesus designs to bless them. By the former I mean that they are capable of receiving grace, with its benefits—by the latter, that Christ is disposed to make them sharers in his grace. O that parents would be fully aware of the capacities of their children, and of their own solemn obligations, to bring their little ones to that Savior who waits to receive them!

These remarks were suggested by a recent affecting example of the saving effects of parental fidelity in the case of Mary Ann Greer, daughter of A. L. Greer, Esq., of Covington, Ky. Mary was between seven and eight years of age. Her parents diligently labored to interest her mind and heart in the truths of religion. From the age of four, or earlier, she began to manifest a singular attentiveness to all that was addressed to her about the Savior. From being admonished, she became inquisitive, and never seemed so agreeably employed as when she was questioning her parents on the subject of religion. Many of her interrogations were of sufficient weight and importance to have proceeded from a much older person, and often her inquisitive mind invented questions which it exercised all the ingenuity of her affectionate parents to answer. But the most of her questions were of a practical import; and the knowledge which she gained was diligently used to guide and control her own actions. Parental admonition was not lost upon Mary Ann. An hour approached which was about to put to the test the value of the instructions imparted to her by her painstaking parents. They had endeavored to sow the seed, and now they were to learn how far their efforts had prospered. Hitherto an inquisitive temper, seeking after the doctrines of the kingdom, with a serious deportment, great tenderness of conscience, which made her afraid every hour of committing sin, and a strict attention to her childish devotions, were the only tokens of Mary's profiting. But they were to receive other evidences of the good fruits of parental fidelity. As the physician who attended Mary in her last sickness was a close observer of the manner of her death, and, though not a professor of religion, was exceedingly affected by the scene, we present the narration to our readers, as he has kindly presented it over his own signature. It reads as follows:

"MR. EDITOR,—Seldom do circumstances occur in the physician's practice so unique and impressive as should move him to mention them through the medium of the press. But for once I offer to your columns the following unvarnished recital of facts.

"In September last I was called to pay a professional visit to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of A. L. Greer, Esq., of this city, who had been taken ill at her grand-father's, six miles from town. I found her afflicted with croup. The disorder resisted all applications, and little Mary soon drew near her end. To speak of her condition early in her sickness would be useless. I will therefore say that about ten minutes before she expired, she suddenly relaxed her efforts to catch breath. She was at this moment sitting up in bed. With perfect composure she laid herself down on the bed, and though she could not breathe so as to feel refreshed or eased by respiration, she manifested no anxiety or alarm. Seeing her grand-mother near, she called her aloud, and taking her affectionately by the hand, bade her farewell. She then called her grand-pa and her aunt in succession, and with perfect calmness, saluted them in the same manner. She then observed, in the same composed manner, that she was on that day seven years old. There were several persons in the room, and to each she addressed her farewell. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were addressed in succession, and extending her dying hand to each, she uttered farewell! She added also, 'Tell all the people in the world

*farewell for me!* I was feeling her pulse. It ceased beating. She gently withdrew her little arm, and taking hold of *my hand*, she said, 'Farewell, Doctor Lewis!' Her father now said, 'Why, my dear child, do you bid us all farewell?' 'O, father,' said she, 'I am going to heaven! I see my little sister Jane there now.' In less than two minutes after uttering these words, she gently breathed away her life. She was seven years and six months old.

"Another hand may mention other passages in the brief life of this lovely little child. These occurrences I state as having come under my own observation. I will add two remarks, which seem to me quite sufficient to excite our surprise, leaving the religious aspect of the case to those who are better capable of appreciating them than, to my regret, I myself am.

"First. The croup is a painful disorder, and generally places the dying patient in a posture most unfriendly to calm and peaceful reflection. Strangulation! The thought of it is dreadful. Yet this child, in the midst of its horrors, was peaceful—contented—apparently happy.

"Second. No one informed her that she was near death; yet, though apparently without pain to premonish her, she, by some means, was aware that she was going—to heaven.

"None can doubt she *is* gone to heaven! Her parents 'have a child less—heaven an angel more.'

"HARVEY LEWIS, M. D.

"Covington, Ky., Nov. 5, 1842."

"God is his own interpreter." Why this little girl, whose mind seemed so seriously directed to the great and sanctifying truths of religion, should have been so early snatched from her parents and friends, we may not say. It might have been, in part, for the child's sake; for this is a rude world, and its thorns inflict many and cruel wounds. It might have been, also, for an admonition to her parents, and possibly her grand-parents, who doated on her with the fondness of age. Whatever were the aims of Providence, may they be fulfilled. May her pious parents be encouraged to fidelity towards surviving children, and may all her friends prepare to die as she did—quietly, and full of hope. If the reader be a parent, in charge of children who are of a tender age, we beseech her to bring them up in the admonition of the Lord. If no immediate, apparent good follows your pious endeavors, do not forget that,

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It sha'n't deceive our hope."

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—The year is gone, so far as the issues of the Repository are concerned. We thank our contributors who have continued to us their favors. Some have not been so prompt as we could desire. Our V. and C. friends have disappointed us; and expectation having been raised very high, it is a severe disappointment. Will they suffer their minds to be stirred up, and will they return to duty? Some beautiful verses appear occasionally without the designation of "original." Will our correspondents always say "original," when their productions are *strictly* so, and give us their proper names for a voucher? Several articles are laid over for the next volume. N.'s is one of them. It will appear in the first two numbers of next year.

TO READERS.—We have done our best to keep the Repository pure, and as entertaining as could comport with purity. The Publishers' Table, which is strictly eclectic—leaving out a multitude of notices equally flattering—will show them that our best literary and religious periodicals speak kindly of our correspondents and their productions. Some of our readers seem to look upon the best pieces in the Repository as the least interesting. We are sorry. Would they have it filled, as a young sister sometime since said, with "*experiences and such like*?" Our readers should recollect that there are two objects to be kept in view. The first is to communicate instruction, and the second is to improve the heart. Cannot the friends of the Repository sometimes correct the taste of the critic, rather than take it for granted that the criticism is just. Instead of allowing that the productions of such a correspondent are unacceptable to the readers, advise the objectors—what is often the fact—that a woful want of judgment is indicated by their objections.

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## PUBLISHERS' TABLE.

As is customary with the publishers of periodicals, we present the following amongst many other flattering notices of this work:

*The Ladies' Repository*.—We have received the number of this excellent monthly for May. For variety in the subjects, and good sense in the tone of its articles, it is in advance of any work of the kind in the west. And it does not fall off, but decidedly improves as it grows older. The present number contains an admirable engraving by Woodruff—a better one than we have seen in any eastern monthly. The typographical execution is truly superb.—*Cincinnati Daily Gazette*.

"*The Ladies' Repository*."—The February number has come to hand. It is embellished with a beautiful engraving of a "Lake Scene," contains a large amount of well written and useful matter, and evinces a determination on the part of the proprietors to merit public patronage, by imparting to it all the interest, external beauty, and intrinsic value that its friends can desire. We think it richly deserving the support of the public generally, and especially of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—*Lutheran Observer*.

*The Ladies' Repository*.—This periodical is published by the "Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati." The March number is before us. It possesses, as its predecessors have done, high literary and religious merit. From the manifest tendency of this excellent work to enlighten the mind and improve the heart, it should be found in every family in our connection.—*Philadelphia Christian Repository*.

*The Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West*.—This excellent periodical, we are happy to learn, is in a prosperous state. The February number before us is fraught with much interesting and instructive matter. While the world is deluged with silly tales of love and fashion, we rejoice to see a few sensible and common sense periodicals, conducted with ability and good taste, dedicated to the ladies. It is a sheer insult to the fair sex to offer them the continual flow of an idle, hare-brained, sickly mind, such as is presented in many of the periodicals of this day. We recommend the Repository to all our fair patrons.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

"*The Ladies' Repository*," published at Cincinnati, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, continues to reach us, and is always read with pleasure, and deemed by us an ornament to the literature of that Church. As a whole it well suits the object to be attained by its publication; and we are happy to see, from many journals, that it is high in the estimation of persons of intelligence and judgment. It would be unpardonable to pass over its typographical neatness so creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Wright and Swormstedt: but its contents is its chief praise. Its selections are eminently appropriate, tasteful, and useful, and its original pieces gratifying and instructive by their variety, elegance, and sterling literary and religious excellence.—*Christian Guardian*.

"*Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West*."—This valuable Church periodical for July has been on our desk for several weeks. It is prompt in its visits, and richly freighted. It is full of very excellent original articles, highly intellectual, and decidedly religious.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

The following, amongst several other flattering notices, have appeared since we issued the October number. We add them to the former list, that the patrons of the work may be assured of the esteem in which the Repository continues to be held. The Daily Chronicle, of this city, edited by E. D. Mansfield, having noticed the Ladies' World of Fashion, Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, and the Boston Miscellany, says:

"Last, not least, comes the Ladies' Repository, Vol. II, No. XI, our neatly executed, well conducted, and pure in spirit home production, which is equal, in all good points, to either of the others."

*The Ladies' Repository*.—We think that the editor of this excellent monthly has little cause to complain of his correspondents. Their communications, both as to variety and extent, compare favorably with the best specimens of our periodical literature. The typographical execution of the Repository leaves no improvement to be wished for in that line.—*Southern Christian Advocate*.



